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THE SURVEY



PUBLISHED WEEKLY TWENTY-SIX TIMES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
BROOKLYN TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL, FLATBUSH AVENUE EXTENSION AND
CONCORD STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

ALBERT L. COLSTON, *Principal*

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To the Seniors



The accompanying poem, written by a member of our faculty, was brought to my attention. It expresses perfectly my own sentiments toward the Class of June 1926—the first all-Tech class.

ALBERT L. COLSTON.

You with whom we've often struggled
To be true to what is best
In yourselves, forever leaving
To some happy chance, the rest—
You whose goal is not so near you
As you now perchance may think,
Who this eve of graduation
Stand but on your manhood's brink—
You'll forget the things we taught you,
You'll forget the books you read,
And I doubt if you'll remember
Much, if anything, we said.
But when schooldays are behind you,
And you face the world yourselves,
You will find, if you search keenly,
Stored away on mem'ry's shelves,
Just one gospel that we gave you,
One precept to be your guide.
Though all else should be forgotten,
This should last whate'er betide:
All the lessons that we taught you
Are as nought, within our ken,
If you but remember to be
Upright, honorable men.

—Magister.



HONORARY PRESIDENT

MR. ALEXANDER BROOK
Get a new committee!

PRESIDENT

ROBERT V. JONES, "Slow Motion Bob", 402 Ocean Ave. Freshman Swimming; Traffic Squad (3), BTHS; French Club (3, 4), Secretary (3), President (4); Survey (3, 4), Crucible (4), BTHS, mod. T. T; Track (3); Football (3, 4), BTHS, T; G. O. Executive Committee (4); Arista—Lehigh.

How peculiar!

TREASURER

FRANK C. CURRO, "Chief", 3910 New Utrecht Ave. Varsity Baseball (2); Shot Put (2); Interclass Baseball (1, 2, 3); Duffield Street Squad (2, 3), BTHS; I.G. Office Custodian (3); Tech Minstrels (2), BTHS; Gleo Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Vice-President (3), President (3, 4) BTHS, mod. T. T; Tech Follies (4)—Stevens Tech.

It's ya Highball!

VICE-PRESIDENT

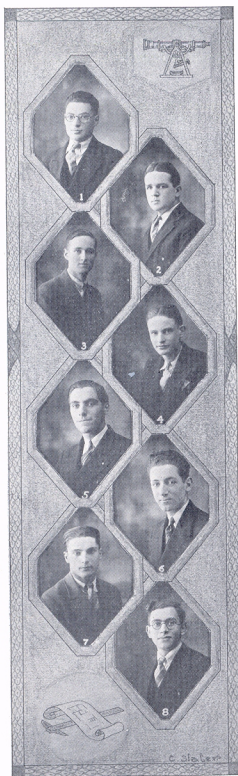
ALEXANDER J. PODARIS, "Alex", 106 Maujer St. Freshman Football; S.O.S. (1); Freshman Baseball; Interclass Baseball (2), Captain; Basketball (3, 4), 2 mod. Ts; Traffic Squad (3); Architectural Baseball Team (3), Captain G. A. Office Squad (4); Lunch Room (4); President Seventh Grade; Sales Bureau (4), Manager, BTHS; Baseball (4); Championship Field Day Relay (4), silver medal; Arista, Leader (4); Business; Night School.

Oh! Boy!

SECRETARY

DWIGHT CUNNINGHAM, "Fuzz", 6032 Caspian St., Maspeth, L. I. Football (1, 3, 4), BTHS, T; Treasurer of Seventh Grade; Scribes (4); Arista—Pratt.

How much have you got?



1. LEWIS M. AARON, "Low J", 1743—47 St. Freshman Swimming; Automotive Club (2, 3); Book Room (2, 3); S.O.S. (4), Lieutenant—Business; Night School.

Be sure to send me

2. PAUL AHERN, "Slow Motion", 138 Park Place, Interclass Baseball (1, 3); S.O.S. (2, 3); Traffic Squad (3); Rifle (2); Football (3, 4), mod. T, T; Interclass Handball (4)—Business.

I'm not pro-d

3. GORDON ATKINS, "Gordy", 1424 Caton Ave. Survey (3, 4), Clubs (3, 4), BTHS, 2 mod. Ts; French Club (3, 4), Literary and Publicity Director (4); S.O.S. (2), BTHS; Tennis (4); Technical Society (2); Arista—Princeton.

Practice makes perfect

4. CHARLES H. BEARDSLEY, "Chic", 893 New York Ave. Interclass Baseball (1); Interclass Football (1); Athletic Ticket Manager (2, 3, 4); Track (3); S.O.S. (2, 3), BTHS; Automotive Club (3); Longfellow's Club (3, 4); Lunch Room (3, 4); Chairman Senior Dance Committee—Business.

What! No women?

5. WILLIAM R. BLAKELY, "Bill", 4676 Bedford Ave. Track (1, 2); Baseball (4); Radio Club (3, 4); Bank (4)—Business; Night School.

Not so hot

6. EDWARD BOSTONIAN, "Boston", 3524—15th Ave. S.O.S. (2), BTHS; Office Squad (3); Apparatus Club (4); Bank (4)—Business; Night School.

Well! Well! What's this?

7. ALFRED L. BOTTINO, "Al", 155 Bay 10 St. Interclass Baseball (1); S.O.S. (2, 3); Track (3, 4)—Business; Night School.

So's your old man

8. MORRIS BRODY, "Steve", 459 Rockaway Ave. Radio Club (3, 4)—Business.

Best 73s es Caught — — 2ARW

9. JOSEPH J. BYRNE, "Moon Mullins", 375½—12 St. Track (1, 2); Model Club (2); Interclass Baseball (1); S.O.S. (1); Bank (2, 3, 4), BTHS, mod. T. Secretary (2, 3), Vice-President (3)—Business; Night School.

If you say so, it must be

10. RAUL P. CLEMENTE, "Clem", 94 Tehama St. Interclass Baseball (1); Freshman Swimming; French Club (2); S.O.S. (1, 2); Senior Dance Committee—N. Y. U.

Hey Greb! Gotcha History?

11. BASIL M. CROCITTO, "Tux", 611—65 St. Intermediate Baseball (1); Traffic Squad (1); Rifle Team (2); Poster Club (4); Interclass Handball (4)—Business; Night School.

Determination is Possession

12. LEON DANNER, "Damy", 57 Mid-dagh St. Tilden Tech H. S., Chicago: Interclass Baseball (1); Freshman Track, Numerals; Arts and Crafts Club (1, 2); Brooklyn Tech: Survey (3, 4), Financial Manager (4), BTHS, Mod. T., Glee Club (4); Tech Follies (4), Chemical Society (3); Arista—Brooklyn Poly.

She's a beauty!

13. ELMER T. DAVIDSON, "Dave", 559 East 15 St. Interclass Baseball (1); Interclass Football (1); S.O.S. (3); Radio Construction Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Current Events Club (4)—Business.

You're crazy!

14. FRANCIS J. DELLAMANO, "Del", 25 Cypress Ave., Floral Park, L. I. Freshman Baseball; Track (1); S.O.S. (2); Interclass Baseball (2, 3); Class President (2); Traffic Squad (3); Survey (3), BTHS; Interclass Relay (4)—Business.

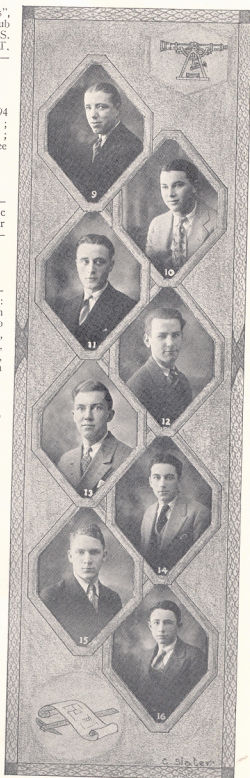
No kidding?

15. ISAAC M. DILLER, "Ike", 118 Malta St. Dramatic Society (3, 4); Camera Club (2, 3, 4), Vice-President (2, 3); Public Speaking Society (4); Class Secretary (2, 3); Track (2, 3); Soccer (3)—Business; Night School.

Simply because—

16. JOHN F. A. DINEEN, "Little Johnny", 178 Nevins St. Interclass Baseball (1); Track (1); Midget Baseball (2); S.O.S. (3); Traffic Squad (3); Book Rooms (3)—Business.

You big-headed foreigner





17. JOHN A. DONATO, "Mush", 1823—75 St. Interclass Football (1); Interclass Baseball (2); Intermediate Baseball (3); French Club (3, 4); S.O.S. (3)—Long Island Medical College.

What's the difference?

18. HYMAN B. EPSTEIN, "Eppy", 502 East 104 St. French Club (3, 4); S.O.S. (1, 2, 3), 2BTHSs, mod. T; Radio Construction Club (4); Class Secretary (4)—Brooklyn Poly.

Of course! I did my homework.

19. HARRY FRIES, "Ice", 1049 East 13 St. S.O.S. (2), BTHS; Book Room (3); Print Shop (4), BTHS—Columbia.

If winter comes!

20. FERNLY L. FULLER, "Fullafun", 10345—118 St., Richmond Hill, L. I. Freshman Swimming; S.O.S. (1, 2, 3), BTHS, mod. T; Print Shop (4), BTHS; Arista—Stevens.

You're looking fuller in the face

21. JOHN W. GALAWAY, "Coily", 362 Dean St. French Club (4); Track (3); Rifle (4)—Business.

Not so fast, boy friend

22. HAROLD R. GASKELL, "Gas", 10746—121 St., Richmond Hill, L. I. Interclass Baseball (1); Chess and Checker Club (1, 4); S.O.S. (2); Track (1, 2); Intermediate Baseball (3); Book Room (3, 4), BTHS; Freshman Swimming—Business.

What do you mean?

23. LOUIS C. GOTTFRIED, "Professor", 630 Vanderbilt Ave. Freshman Swimming; Rifle (3); Glee Club (3, 4), 2BTHSs; Debating Society (3); Dramatic Society (4); S.O.S. (3, 4), 2BTHSs; Manager Junior Varsity Baseball (4)—Business; Night School.

I got an idea!!!

24. FREDERICK E. GRINER, "Shriek", 1150 East 3 St. Book Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Print Shop (4), BTHS—Business.

Yes, I'm listening

25. HAAKON G. GULBRANSEN, "Hack", 661—68 St. Technical Society (1, 2); French Club (4), Vice-President; Survey (2, 3), Assistant Editor (3), mod. T, 2Ts; Tech Handbook (4), Assistant Editor, BTHS; Press Club (4), Vice-President; Seventh and Eighth Grade Dance Committees; Arista—Columbia.

Not so dusty

26. LEO HAAS, "Jack", "Red", 4219—18 Ave. S.O.S. (3); Science Squad (4), BTHS, mod. T; Glee Club (4), BTHS; Tech Follies (4)—Business; Night School.

Who? Red? He's a singing chemist

27. PHILIP E. HAGERTY, "Phil", 825—73 St. Track (1, 2); Survey (2, 3), BTHS, mod. T; Statistics Squad (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Solderology Club (3, 4); Soccer (4); Basketball (4); Press Club (4), President; Tennis (4); Arista—N. Y. U.

That goes over big!

28. JOHN W. HART, "Bucky", 68 Ten Eyck St. Interclass Baseball (1, 2), Captain (2); Interclass Football (1); Architectural Baseball (3); Class Dues Committee (4); Orchestra (4); Arista—Business.

For crying out loud!

29. ROY W. HEDENBERG, "Greb", 1566 East 46 St. Model Club (1, 2); Arista—Business.

On the other hand—she had warts!

30. HERMAN HEINEMANN, "Heihe", 1321 Flatbush Ave. Tech Council (1); Inventors Club (2, 4); Automotive Club (4); Dutch Dozen (4)—Columbia.

It's a great life if you don't weaken

31. ROBERT J. HERLEY, 154 Clinton Ave. Radio Construction Club (2, 3); Dutch Dozen (4); Office Squad (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Survey, (2, 3, 4), Nuts and Bolts (4), 3BTHS; Arista—N. Y. U.

*Nuts will come and Bolts will go,
But I go on forever*

32. ANDREW J. HERTZ, "Andy", 485 Nostrand Ave. Interclass Football (1); Interclass Baseball (1, 3); Football (3); Technical Society (1, 2, 3, 4), President (3); Book Room (4), BTHS; Intermediate Baseball (3); S.O.S. (2)—Business; Night School.

I'm not that kind of a boy





33. HERMAN W. HUMER, 20—7 Ave. Technical Society (1, 2, 3, 4), Secretary (2); French Club (3); Interclass Baseball (1, 2); S.O.S. (3, 4); Soccer (4), mod. T; Baseball (4); Camera Club (2, 3)—Business.

What's the bad news?

34. WALTER M. HUSING, "Lightnin'", 2513 Ditmas Ave. Freshman Football; Football (3, 4), BTHS, T; Freshman Swimming; Swimming (3), BTHS; Soccer (3), mod. T; Longfellows Club (3, 4), Vice-President (4); Supply Room (2, 3, 4), BTHS, mod. T, T; Lunch Room (2, 3, 4), Manager (4); G. O. Executive Committee (4); Vice President Seventh Grade—Yale.

'Tis I! the great Walter!

35. WILLARD A. HYMES, "Will", 128 —69 St. Interclass Baseball (1); Freshman Swimming; Championship Baseball Team (3, 4), mod. T, T; Basketball (4), BTHS—Business.

Well, that's over

36. JOHN T. IACONO, "Ike", 330 Hicks St. Freshman Baseball; Track (1, 2); Interclass Baseball (2)—Brooklyn Poly.

When in trouble, laugh it off

37. CHARLES O. JACKSON, "Chick", 1364 Prospect Place. Bank (2, 3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Intermediate Baseball (3); Interclass Baseball (2, 3); Basketball (2, 3); S.O.S. (2, 3), BTHS; Track (1, 2)—Business.

Hitting a poor little kid

38. GEORGE C. JAGDE, "Moe", "Chic", 8505—107 St., Richmond Hill, L. I. Tennis (1, 2, 3, 4), 3 mod. Ts, Captain (4); Survey (3, 4), Business Manager (4), BTHS, mod. T, T—Cooper.

Did'ya see Abe?

39. IRVING J. JOHNSON, "Ben", 432 Clarkson Ave. Football (4); Intermediate Baseball (3); S.O.S. (2, 3, 4), Lieutenant (2, 3, 4), Captain (4), BTHS, mod. T, T; Class Day Committee; Tech Follies (4); Survey (4), BTHS; Lunch Room (4)—Business.

What will we do?

40. MORRIS KAPLAN, "Cappy", 1727 Park Place. Radio Club (2, 3, 4), Secretary (3), President (4); Automotive Club (3, 4); Glee Club (4)—Business; Night School.

Express myself?? Where to?

41. LEO J. KELLY, "Frenchy", 342 Ovington Ave. Lunch Room (1, 2, 3, 4); Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Football (4); Track (1, 2); Students Council (1); Senior Outing Committee—Stevens.

That's the way we do it in sunny France

42. HRANT KIRICHBIAN, "Krich", Chess and Checker Club (2, 3, 4), Vice-President (3), President (4), Chess Team Captain (3); Book Room (2, 3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Radio Construction Club (3, 4), Secretary (3), Vice-President (4); S.O.S. (3, 4), BTHS; Automotive Club (3), Stamp Club (3); French Club (3)—Cooper.

It's never too late

43. JOHN W. KNOBEL, "Johnny", 16 Suydam Place. G. O. President, 2 Terms (4); Short Term Executive (3); Track (1, 2, 3, 4), BTHS, 2 mod. Ts, 2Ts, Championship T, Penn Relays, Twice Member of Record Breaking Relay Team (3), Runner-up for City Championship in Running Broad Jump (3), Captain of Track Team (4), 26 Medals, Helped Win 5 School Cups, Track Coach Seventh Term; Sales Bureau (4), Assistant Manager, BTHS; Senior Pin Committee; Arista, Vice-Leader (4)—Business; Night School.

The meeting will please come to order

44. ROY I. KNUDSEN, "Nuts", 911—85 St. S.O.S. (1); Lunch Room (3)—Business; Night School.

Who did that?

45. MILTON E. LANGRIDGE, "Lang", 1725 East 46 St. Interclass Baseball (1); Traffic Squad (3); S.O.S. (4); Track (4)—Business.

Among those present

46. HOWARD J. LABSON, "Howie", 536 —55th St. Interclass Baseball (1); Lunch Room (2); Book Room (4)—Business.

You don't say so

47. JAMES S. LEAHY, 1136 De Kalb Ave. Interclass Baseball (1); Automotive Club (2, 3); Dramatic Society (3); Office Squad (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T—Business; Night School.

Didya get that zip, sap?

48. ARTHUR H. LEFGREN, "Arty", 1187 St. Marks Ave. Book Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Glee Club (4); Chess and Checker Club (4)—Business; Night School.

Oh, I'm not in any hurry





49. CARL LESS, "Oh Reginald", 819 Jefferson Ave. Freshman Baseball; Track (2); Basketball Manager (3, 4); 2 mod. Ts; S.O.S. (3), BTHS; Book Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Tech Follies (4); Automotive Club (3)—Business; Night School.

He's a "fairy" nice boy

50. MAX A. LESS "Herr Less", 819 Jefferson Ave. Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Interclass Football (1, 2); Track (2, 3); S.O.S. (3), BTHS; Basketball (4); Tech Follies (4)—Columbia.

How are ya? I'm glad to hear that

51. HILLEL LEVINE, "Teddy", 240 Sheffield Ave. Technical Society (2, 3); French Club (3, 4); S.O.S. (2, 3), BTHS; Chairman Senior Outing Committee; Survey (4), BTHS; Freshman Swimming; Tennis (4), Assistant Manager—Brooklyn Poly.

Hey Mush! Where's Eric?

52. HOWARD W. LINBARGER, "Linny", 189 Putnam Ave. Freshman Swimming; Track (2, 3); Statistics Squad (3), BTHS, mod. T; Automotive Club (2); Survey (2, 3); Arista—Lafayette.

Well, what'll I say?

53. SAMUEL B. LISLE, "Lil", 426 Sterling Place. Freshman Swimming; Swimming (2, 3, 4), BTHS, 2 mod. Ts—Business.

I've got you handicapped

54. FRANK LIVERT, "Liver", 1159—56 St. Model Club (2); Swimming (3); Glee Club (3, 4); Survey (4), BTHS; Tech Follies—N. Y. U.

Take it easy, you'll last longer

55. VINCENT LONGOBARDI, "Longo", 1419—8 Ave. Interclass Football (1); Track (2, 4); Lunch Room (4); Radio Construction Club (3)—Brooklyn Poly.

Have you got the homework for today?

56. HAROLD M. LONNSTROM, "Lonny", 1836—75 St. Cross Country (3, 4), BTHS; Track (3, 4), T, Second Team Penn Relays (3); First Team Penn Relays (4); Arista—Business.

Whatta Meatball!!!!

57. JOHN J. LYONS, "Snoyl", 574-7 St. Freshman Swimming; Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Automotive Club (3); Chess and Checker Club (3)—Business.

Who's the jone you had with you last night?

58. HAROLD M. MALM, "Moi", 604 East 34 St. Radio Construction Club (2); Automotive Club (2)—Business; Night School.

Go ahead; spring it!

59. THEODORE MANDELBAUM, "Mandy", 1057 Carroll St. Freshman Swimming; S.O.S. (3, 4), BTHS; Chess Club (3, 4), Chess Team (3, 4), Captain (4); Radio Construction Club (3)—Cornell.

??????

60. ALBERT MARKS, "Paavo", 101-41 Walker Ave., Woodhaven, L. I. Interclass Baseball (2, 3); Freshman Baseball; Cross Country (1, 2, 3, 4), mod. T; Track (1, 2)—Brooklyn College of Pharmacy.

On your "Marks"!

61. GEORGE T. MCCREADY, "Mack", 104-30—106 St., Ozone Park, L. I. Model Club (1, 2); Radio Construction Club (3, 4), President (4); Traffic Squad (2); Track (3), 880-yard Field Day Relay Medal—Annapolis.

Yeah? Tell us about it

62. ROBERT W. McDOWELL, "Mac", 9 St. Marks Ave. Interclass Baseball (1); Interclass Football (1); Allied Arts Club (2); Track (3); Dutch Dozen (4); Print Shop (4); Interclass Handball (4); Orchestra (4); Arista—Stevens.

I'll toss you for a Dixie

63. MOSES MENCHER, "Mench", 456 East 51 St. Allied Arts Club (1, 2, 3); Sales Bureau Publicity Staff (2); Survey (2), BTHS—Business; Night School.

I'll rap you in the eye!

64. NATHAN MESNIKOFF, "Nate", 372 Kingston Ave. Freshman Baseball; Print Shop (3, 4), President (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T, T; French Club (4)—Business; Night School.

Git to work, devils, git to work





65. ARTHUR MITCHELL, "Mitch", 36 Rockrose Place, Forest Hills, L. I. Cross Country (2, 3, 4), 2 Ts, Championship T, All-Scholastic Cross Country Team (2); Track (1, 2, 3, 4), mod. T, 2 Ts, Penn Relays (2); G. O. Executive Committee (2); Sales Bureau (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T, T—Business.

Whatta you say, boy?

66. JOSEPH R. MUSTO, 66 Skillman Ave. Interclass Baseball (3); Office Squad (3), BTHS; Intermediate Baseball (3)—C. C. N. Y.

C'mon, C'mon, snap it up!

67. MAX M. NEMIROFF, "Nemy", 1178 —42 St. Statistics Squad (2); Traffic Squad (2, 3); S.O.S. (2, 3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Technical Society (2, 3, 4), Secretary (3); Book Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Chess and Checker Club (3); Track (4); French Club (4); Press Club (4); Apparatus Club (4)—Columbia.

So I have heard and do in part believe

68. ERIC P. NEWTON, "Curly", 1835 West 7 St. Freshman Swimming, Captain; Interclass Football (2); Interclass Baseball (2); Track (2, 3), Field Day Championship Relay Team (3), medal; Swimming (4), T, Third in City Championships, medal; Technical Society (3); French Club (3, 4); Senior Dance Committee—Savage.

Don't be weird

69. MYER NICOLL, "Nick", 249 Vernon Ave. Track (3); Orchestra (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (4); S.O.S. (3, 4); Science Squad (3, 4); Office Squad (4)—Brooklyn College of Pharmacy.

Gijap Geranium

70. BERTRAM NUSSBAUM, "Bert", 528 —85 St. Freshman Baseball, Champions of Morning Session; Track (2, 3); Debating Society (2, 3), Secretary (2), Vice-President (3), Interclass Championship Team (3); French Club (3), President; Print Shop (4), BTHS, Vice-President; Survey (4); Senior Class Day Committee (4)—Business; Night School.

What! No homework? Let me think!

71. JOHN S. ODELL, "Yonny", 1827 East 15 St. Technical Society (1, 2, 3, 4), Corresponding Secretary (3), President (4); Sales Bureau (4), BTHS; Print Shop (4); Arista—Brooklyn Poly.

What the dickens do I care?

72. EUGENE J. OLSON, "Olie", 638—54 St. Freshman Swimming; Track (2); Swimming (4), T—Business.

By golly!

73. HOWARD T. OLSEN, "Ole", 121 Foster Ave. Freshman Swimming; Interclass Baseball (1); S.O.S. (2); Lunch Room (2); Track (2); Basketball (3); Book Room (4), BTHS—N. Y. U.

Hello, Boxhead!

74. ARTHUR H. OSBORN, "Ozzie", 1759 West 12 St. Interclass Baseball (1); Automotive Club (2, 3); Chemical Society (2, 3); S.O.S. (3, 4); Technical Society (4); Office Squad (4)—Business.

Silence is Golden

75. EDMUND H. OSTERLAND, "Osty", 886 Putnam Ave. Handbook (4), BTHS; Office Squad (3), Treasurer (3), BTHS; Press Club (4), Secretary (4); Survey (2); Scribes (2); S.O.S. (2, 3); Traffic Squad (3)—Brooklyn Poly.

Hello, Bizon

76. GEORGE W. PEASE, JR., 303 Putnam Ave. Survey (2, 3), 2 BTHS; Automotive Club (2); Office Squad (3, 4), President (3) BTHS, mod. T; Sales Bureau (4), Advertising Manager (4), Treasurer (4), BTHS; Chairman Senior Pin Committee; Junior Arista; Arista, Secretary and Treasurer (4)—Lafayette.

Got your money?

77. JAMES W. PHILLIPS, "Philly", 103-33 103 St., Ozone Park, L. I. Book Room (3), BTHS; Interclass Football (1); Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Intermediate Baseball (3); Championship Baseball Team (3), mod. T—Business.

Throw a hook

78. ARTHUR POPE, "Poppy", 253 Parkville Ave. Interclass Baseball (1, 2); S.O.S. (3); Book Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Basketball (4), mod. T—Business.

My mother wouldn't let me

79. EDGAR RADEMACHER, "Rady", 107 Rogers Ave. Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Bank (4); Basketball (4); Glee Club (4); Tech Follies (4); Longfellows Club (4)—Business.

Man, that there ain't nothin'

80. WALTER READING, "Pop", 548 East 40 St. Survey (2); Scribes (2); Press Club (4); S.O.S. (4); Office Squad (2, 3), BTHS, mod. T; Traffic Squad (2); Champion Interclass Baseball Team (2); Handbook (4), BTHS—Pace and Pace.

Hey! Heinie!





81. NEWTON I. ROACH, "Newty", 203 Underhill Ave. Dutch Dozen (4); Track (3, 4), 2 BTHSS, T, Penn Relays (3); S.O.S. (4); Cross Country (4); Handball (4); Arista—Business; Night School.

Oh! My Goodness!

82. JAMES R. SANTORA, "Sandy", 1459 —73 St. Intermediate Baseball (3), mod. T; Baseball (3, 4), 2 Ts—Brooklyn Poly.

Nice day, if it doesn't rain

83. JOHN H. SCHLOEN, "Johnny", 516 —55 St. Technical Society (1); Traffic Squad (3); Office Squad (3), Secretary (3), BTHS, mod. T; Dutch Dozen (4)—University of Pennsylvania.

Oh, yeah

84. SAMUEL SCHUB, "Sammie", 565 Saratoga Ave. Bank (2); Office Squad (3), BTHS; Duffield St. Squad (4); Technical Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Track (3); Soccer (3)—Brooklyn Poly.

Is that my Stetson?

85. ROCCO V. SERENCI, "Roc", 358 Atkins Ave. Book Room (1, 2), BTHS, mod. T; Office Squad (3), BTHS; Dramatic Society (3); French Club (4); Survey (3, 4), Athletics Editor (4), BTHS, mod. T; Tech Follies (4); Arista—C. C. N. Y.

Always sleepy

86. CHARLES W. SERVIS, "Charlie", 330—80 St. Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Track (2); Bank (4), BTHS—Business.

Who cares?

87. HOWARD C. SHERMAN, "Herp", 4004 Glenwood Road. Freshman Baseball; Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Book Room (4), BTHS; Seventh Grade Dance Committee; S.O.S. (2); Traffic Squad (2); Architectural Baseball (3); Arista—Business; Night School.

So ya will, will you?

88. ARTHUR W. SINGLE, "Double", 551 Quincy St. Technical Society (1, 2, 3, 4), President (2, 3); Interclass Baseball (1)—Business; Night School.

Don't tell me; let me guess

89. CHARLES G. SLATER, "Chips", 4820 Ave. L. Freshman Swimming; Interclass Football (1); Architectural Baseball (3); Office Squad (3); Civics Club (1), Treasurer; Dramatic Society (3, 4), Secretary (3), BTHS; Seventh Grade Dance Committee; Chairman Class Day Committee (4); Survey, (1, 2, 3, 4), Assistant Editor (3, 4), BTHS, 2 mod. Ts, 3 Ts; Uke Club (4), Secretary; Arista—Business; Night School.

Oh, but yes!

90. EDWARD F. STACEY, "Ed", 313 Walsh Court. Interclass Baseball (1, 3); Office Squad (3), BTHS; Track, 100-lb. Relay (1, 2, 3, 4); Lunch Room (3, 4)—Business.

Wait! I'll ask my mother

91. WALTER C. H. STUBBMAN, "Stubby", Hotel Eleanor, West 6 St., Coney Island. Book Room (2, 3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Office Squad (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Longfellows Club (3, 4)—Business.

Oh, sugar

92. WALTER R. SURGEON, "Doc", 149 Prospect Park South West. Interclass Baseball (1); Chemical Society (3); Longfellows Club (3, 4); Science Squad (2, 3, 4), Secretary (3), President (4); Class Day Committee (4)—Business; Night School.

I'm not snobbish

93. HOWARD R. TATE, "Tatesky", 582 —2 St. Interclass Football (1); Interclass Baseball (2); S.O.S. (2), BTHS; Midget Football (3); Book Room (4)—West Point.

Step right up and call me Tatesky

94. RICHARD T. TAYLOR, 917 Belmont Ave. S.O.S. (3); Chemical Society (3); Science Squad (4), BTHS, T—Business.

Why don't you read something illuminating?

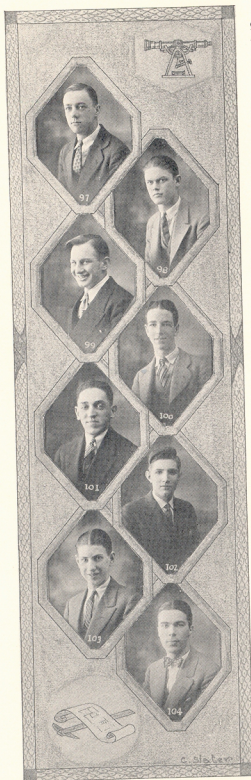
95. WILLIAM TAYLOR, "Bill", 262 East 52 St. Interclass Baseball (1, 2); Orchestra (3, 4)—Business.

See?

96. SIDNEY TEMPLE, 4407—15 Ave. S.O.S. (1, 3); Office Squad (2, 3), BTHS, mod. T; Survey (1)—C. C. N. Y.

You're wrong! This is the way





97. JAMES A. TRECARTIN, "Trix", 9317—209 St., Bellaire, L. I. Track (1); Architectural Baseball Team (3); Bank (4); Tech Follies (4)—Business.

Take the marbles out of your mouth

98. ERNEST R. WAGAR, "Bob", 91—172 St., Jamaica, L. I. Lunch Room (1, 2, 3, 4); Interclass Baseball (2, 3); Football (3); Survey (4); Longfellows Club (3, 4)—Business.

Man, don't monkey with a buzz-saw

99. HENRY M. WALDRON, "Dutch", 9528—110 St. Richmond Hill. Freshman Football; Midget Football (2, 3), Midget Monogram; Intermediate Baseball (2, 3), 2 BTHSs; Soccer (4), mod. T; Baseball (4), T; Arista—Cooper Union.

Don't be foolish

100. WILLIAM F. WALSH, "Bill", 2 West End Ave., Manhattan Beach. Freshman Baseball; Interclass Baseball (2); Intermediate Baseball (3), BTHS; Supply Room (4), BTHS, mod. T; Survey (4); Senior Dance Committee—Business.

So what?

101. LESTER H. WEITSEN, "Whitey", 569 Nostrand Ave. Freshman Swimming; Interclass Football (1, 2, 3); Interclass Baseball (2, 4); Solderology Club (3, 4); Dutch Dozen (4); Survey, 2 BTHSs, 3 mod. Ts; Tech Follies (4); Rifle (4); Arista—Columbia.

Hello Teacher—Kep Kniet

102. DOUGLAS R. WETJEN, "Duke", 118-19—201 Place, St. Albans, L. I. S.O.S. (2); Technical Society (2, 3, 4), Secretary (3); Sales Bureau (4), BTHS; Arista—Brooklyn Poly.

Say! Listen here—

103. ALEXANDER WILSON, "Alex", 866 East 14 St. Cross Country (3), BTHS; Book Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Soccer (4), BTHS; Technical Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Tech Follies (4); Arista—Columbia.

Tell it to the guy with the green gloves

104. JOSEPH O. G. WILSON, JR., "Uncle", 126 Park Ave., South Rockville Centre, L. I. S.O.S. (2, 3), Lieutenant (3), 2 mod. Ts; Model Club (2); Radio Club (2, 3); Dramatic Society (3), Stage Manager, BTHS; Bank (4); Science Squad (4)—

The Butter and Egg Man

105. HOWARD N. WIXON, "Wicks",
2003 Woodbine St. Interclass Baseball
(1); S.O.S. (2, 3), BTHS; Bank (3, 4),
BTHS, mod. T, T; Office Squad (3)—
Business; Night School.

Still water runs deep

106. HARRY WUNSCH, 909—52 St.
Statistics Squad (1, 4), BTHS; Chess
and Checker Club (2, 3, 4), Secretary
(3), Vice-President (4); Dramatic So-
ciety (3); Automotive Club (3); Book
Room (3, 4), BTHS, mod. T; Arista--
Brooklyn Poly.

Oh, but I'm different

107. ANTHONY J. WYZLANSKI, "Wiz",
135 St. Nicholas Ave. Football (2, 3, 4),
3 Ts; G. O. Executive Committee (4);
Lunch Room (1, 2, 3, 4), Manager (4);
Book Room (2, 3), BTHS, mod. T;
Camera Club (2)—N. Y. U.

Thwco me a wope



Celebrities of the Class of June, 1926

Proof that good things come in small parcels.....	Mr. Brook
Most popular	Jones
Most studious	Cunningham
Most athletic	Knobel
Most humorous	Longobardi
Most bashful	Epstein
Most serious	Atkins
Most active	Serenci—he goes to Zero Period Biology
Most devilish	Roach
Most simplex	Levine—you can read him like a book
Most complex	Slater—he's too much to figure out
Comedy of errors	Galaway
Same in reverse English.....	Walsh
Most annoying.....	Pease
Woman-hater	Linbarger
Most conceited	Wyzlanski—we don't know why
Most high hat	Surgeon
Ooo, how lazy	Hagerty
Foolisher—if possible—than the rest	Donato
Baddest of the bad	Mitchell—oh! oh!
Most unknown	The guys that wrote this

Prognostication

"Stay a moment, Stranger, and gaze with us into this crystal ball. Ah! Now allow it to transport you into the future to view the respective occupations of our erstwhile graduates of the class of June '26. Quiet!—what's that faint object? It looks like a baseball stadium. As I live, it is! Who's that at bat? Yes—no—it is Santora, the wonder player of Tech long ago and there's Waldron giving Philips on third the signal to keep close for a bunt. Well, well, hoodathunkit?

"Watch—the scene changes—there's a fellow crashing into a mob. Looks like Wyzlanski, Tech guard. He plays the same position on the B. M. T. Who's that bulky looking individual with the horn-rimmed glasses trying to chastise the brute? It's Bob Jones who wrote poetry and played football as a side line.

"We are now transported to a Turkish Bath; and—yes sir—there are Newton, Henninger, and Lisle working as rubbers. They swam for Tech in '26. Good-bye bawth—hello bank. There's Blakely at the door. His coat collar proclaims him to be night watchman—he used to haul in the dough in Tech's Bank.

"Who's that fellow in the classy, up-to-date 1966 Ford? Looks like Artie Mitchell, who worked on the G. O. S. B. staff. He's head of the big chain grocery stores—runs a correspondence school on the side.

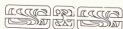
"In the rear part of a stationery store stands Walsh. He's the stock boy—got his experience in Tech's Supply Room. Here comes Nemiroff trying to sell a set of Etiquette Books. Well, what else could one expect from a former Book Room man?

"And now rising like the apparitions in Macbeth, we see three managers: Haggerty managing the Olympic Tennis team—used to manage Tech's tennis team when Jagde swung a mean racquet; Humer—he's the one asking Santora to hit the apple over the fence—was in Tech's dugout in '26; Carl Less who manages the Celtics did the same work for Tech when Podaris and Hymes played basketball.

"Say, can you see that fellow running around in his underwear, away in the background? Oh yes! That's Johnny Knobel; he was a big track man in the old days.

"Well, friend, that's all you can see of the future now but on payment of another dollar I will show you all the other celebrities of that never to be forgotten class of June '26. . . ."

The Survey is grateful to the Senior Class Survey Committee for their valuable assistance in preparing Senior material.



The Egg in the Shell

—By Basil Crocitto

It has been said by the Highest of Authority that greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friend. But after what The Egg did in the Poughkeepsie race the time I rowed for old Sumner, I'll match him against any fellow who merely dies to help a pal.

The Egg was rowing at number six position, and you may remember that we changed strokes three times during training. We had two coaches, started with an English stroke, changed to a short chop stroke, and finally finished with a fast stroke. During training we rowed four miles a day.

Barney—we called him Barney because his right name was Bernard Wattfield—was a great oarsman, one of the best sportsmen that ever rowed for our college. He had set his heart on winning the race. We didn't know at the time just why, but we learned later, just in time for The Egg to save him.

Everything that could happen to a crew happened to us that spring. Barney had been working us like slaves all winter at the machines. For football men it may be all right to stand the pounding and the smashing of the scrimmage; they have the satisfaction at least of relieving their feelings by smashing the other fellow and there are usually on-lookers around to appreciate

them. But the crew man just sits there on an incline, pulling his heart out against the springs, hour after hour, until his back and arms and legs ache, and his head swims, seeing only the back of another sufferer in front of him and a couple of coaches walking up and down the floor bawling him out and telling him how rotten he is.

Four months of that, a month or more of drudgery after the shell gets into the river, and if lucky, a couple of minutes of triumph at the end of twenty-odd minutes of pulling his heart out by the roots! And even when he wins he is too far gone to know whether the cheers and the whistles and the waving flags are for his crew or for the other fellows.

Well, that spring Barney had worked harder than anyone else. He was a big, good looking fellow, with a splendid pair of shoulders. Rather serious-minded fellow, too, trying to win high merits during his college career and stroke a crew at the same time. He had one purpose, too, as he proved by falling in love with Pauline Ainross in his sophomore year and never changing.

Pauline was known as the prettiest and the most popular girl among the co-eds. She always had the big parts in the play and half the fellows in school were

(Continued on page 53)

Q. E. D.

Tech's fourth anniversary has come. For the eighth time her portals will open and a new class of young men will go forth to take up their chosen work. They will be scattered abroad; some will continue at college while others will gain their experience at work. Possibly some will find their way to foreign lands. But wherever they go, the members of the Class of June, 1926, will carry with them memories and traditions of Brooklyn Technical High School.

In our short existence we have established an enviable athletic and scholastic record. Graduates of former classes are out in the world making fine progress at university and work. Fair play has become a synonym for Tech teams; win or lose, they are there to fight hard and fair. A Tech man is loyal, honest and progressive. Numerous letters have come to Mr. Colston commending him on the fine type of young men of this school who obtain positions after graduation. In one particular instance, a business man wrote in saying that if there were any more students in Tech of the type already employed by him, he would employ the entire graduating class. Such is the position held by Tech men in the minds of others.

In geometry we have a symbol, Q. E. D., which means "that which was to be proved." It is used at the close of a problem to denote the desired result has been worked out. Since in geometry we are given certain material to

work with and a definite conclusion to arrive at, we can take any theorem and use it, as an illustration of our school careers. When we enter high school we are given several things, the opportunity to succeed, the eight years of elementary training, and the will to work. The desired conclusion is a graduate who is a credit to the school and all those connected with him. It is the desire of the Principal to be able to stamp Q. E. D. next to the name of every Tech graduate, that is, to be able to vouch for the ability, loyalty and honesty of every member of this and succeeding classes.

For you, old classmates, tried and true,

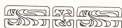
Your days together now are through;

But if out in the world we meet,
I say, old pals, let's always greet.

Without Exaggeration

Behold these future engineers,
The builders of the nation!
Result of careful grooming, they,
No rash precipitation.
They'll tackle any task you say—
No slightest hesitation—
And cause, to many a female heart,
Much anxious palpitation.

Not finished, they, but just begun
Their lengthy education.
The years ahead will call for much
Of careful concentration.
But who would steal their joy in this
Successful culmination?
And who withhld from them their
due,
Sincere congratulation?
June '26 here's luck to you
Upon your graduation! —Hal.



The Power of the Public

—By Charles G. Slater

FOREWORD

Most people who are acquainted with the Spanish bull-fight also have an idea that a toreador's life is one of sunshine and glory. Those people judge by the accounts of the tremendous ovations tendered a toreador by the frenzied audience in appreciation of a thrilling performance. But oft-times the gay jacket of an outwardly cool torero enfolds a heart burdened with fatal sorrow. Fatal sorrow is the word that must be used, for few sons of blood and sand who enter a ring depressed live through the combat.

* * *

"Buenas noches, querida mia. Tomorrow's success will bring the golden opportunity—the privilege to fight in the Corrida at Seville, and then—" These words Miguel whispered to Conchita and then, gently releasing her from his embrace, he departed through the dark winding streets of Cordoba to his home. Rounding a sharp turn, the young matador, for such his conversation proclaimed him to be, bumped into a disheveled-looking mass. Without waiting for an explanation on Miguel's part, the mass broke out in a torrent of abuse. "Que tel lleve el diablo (May the devil take you)! You blundering idiot! A few less hours of this carousing might send you home in a condition that

would not be dangerous to an old man like me. Who are you?"

"Why—Pablo do you not recognize your friend Miguel Perada?"

"Santa Maria, Senor Perada, forgive an old man for his weakness. This job as sereno (night watchman) has dulled my senses. It was I who was to blame for the collision."

"No, no, Pablo, I fancy I was too engrossed in my thoughts to avoid running into you."

"Well, let us forget it. But tell me, Senor Perada, what brings you abroad at this hour? Surely a matador should retire early on the night before a fight. For is not tomorrow the dia de toros, the day of the bull-fight?"

"It is as you say, Pablo, but I had much happy news to impart to Senorita Conchita." Here the old man sighed as if in recollection of his own youth. "Dame Fortune has smiled on me," continued Miguel. "Yesterday, Don Estranza, the presidente of the Cordoba corrida, came to me with the message that Reveri, the great matador, is touring the country incognito to find a torero worthy of performing with him. Reveri will be here tomorrow, Pablo, and Don Estranza as much as said that I was sure to be chosen. Dios! but I have prayed for the opportunity to fight in Seville. But, amigo,

(Continued on page 62)



General Organization

President—John Knobel; vice-president—Wallace Tyndall; executive committee—Edmond Styles, Walter Husing, Robert Jones, Harold Meissner, Frank Haggerty.

Faculty members, honorary president—Mr. Wigle; executive committee—Miss Cooley, Miss Herstein, Mr. Lilling, Mr. Waring, Mr. Wikel; secretary—Mr. Franzen; treasurer—Mr. Reger.

One of Tech's traditions was upset when the Blue party succeeded in electing three men to positions in the General Organization. This gain was due in large part to the new system of monthly meetings of both parties. John Knobel was elected president for the second time. 100% G. O. membership was again attained.

The Arista

President—Alexander Podaris; vice-president—John Knobel; secretary-treasurer—George Pease; honorary president—Mr. Wikel.

This term nineteen students were accorded Tech's highest honor by being elected to the Arista, thus increasing the membership to forty-three.

The Queen of Tech

Kittina, the Technicat, is queen of Tech. She rules faculty and S. O. S. alike with an iron paw. When math teachers are explaining the intricacies of tetrahedrons, she delights to stalk into the room as a diversion to the studes. She is not uneducated herself, being a past-grad of Yowl University and a coach at Catnip College. Her stately presence graces Class Nights and Commencements. She is at home after 3:05 in the boiler room to students and delights in parading the family before admiring eyes. We are quite proud of Mrs. Kittina and venture to say that she is unique as a mascot in high schools.



Kittina Doesn't Object to Ice Cream



The Arista

A. F. E. A.

1. Does Tech need a Field?
2. Does Tech want a Field?
3. Will Tech have a Field?

And the A. F. E. A. has undertaken to translate the "Yea, Tech" that we answer to questions 1 and 2 into the dollars that are needed to answer question 3. The plan of the Athletic Field Endowment Fund Association has been presented to the school and it seems to go 100 per cent strong. We'll hear more of it next year. The officers of the Association are: President—Tyndall, Vice-President—Meissner, Manager—Babini, Asst. Manager—Vietheer, Advertising Staff—Muntz and Lidford, Publicity Staff—Dressler and Kampf.

Parents Association

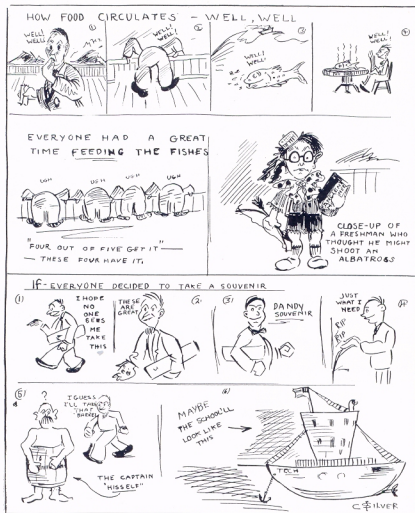
The Parents Association of Brooklyn Tech which was organized on January 12, for the purpose of promoting the interest of the parents in the work and activity of the school, has met with great success during the past

term. Prominent men spoke at the meetings. The first was addressed by State Senator Love and by Mr. Colston. The next was addressed by District Superintendent Dr. J. Tildsley, in charge of high schools, and by Mr. Colston. At the third, talks were given by Mr. R. F. Bach, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and by Mr. Tobin. Mr. Bach spoke upon the service which the Metropolitan Museum of Art renders to the public. Mr. Koch addressed the next meeting, choosing for his subject, "The Function Of The Group Adviser." His description of a busy day in Room 405, was most humorous. When the Association was invited to join the students on the Field Day Excursion to Indian Point they "boosted" the project by underwriting tickets for it.

The officers of the Parents Association are Mr. Percy Barney—President, Mrs. Minnie Nagle—Vice-President, Mrs. Stanley G. Tyndall—secretary, and Dr. George B. Germann—Treasurer.

OUTING SPLASHES

—By Silver



The Library

One of the most important additions to the Library this term was the series of books entitled, "Reading with a Purpose." Each of the books deals with one branch of literature, such as physics, biology, sociology, etc. The contents of each book include a history of the type of book, together with a brief resumé of the more important treatises on the subject. By consulting these

works, one may truly read with a purpose.

Social Retrospection

The Seniors believe as fully as anyone else in the truth of the old adage which prescribes play rather than work in the brightening of one's disposition. Those who are inclined to be skeptical may look to the last Senior Prom for proof of the value of play. At this affair three hundred students and mem-

(Continued on page 76)

SPORTS

Baseball

Baseball championships are getting to be quite common down here at Tech. Piloted by Mr. Tarantino our ball team has practically clinched its position as the premier nine of Brooklyn for the third consecutive time. We've only turned out four diamond aggregations as yet. In referring to the Blue and White pill peggers it is quite appropriate or rather inappropriate to say, "What! no championship?"

Mr. Jack Fernandez is the moniker of the gentleman who pitched winning ball in practically all our P. S. A. L. contests. When our bludgeon wielders did hit the spheroid—this was often—a devastating effect ensued. The enemy pitchers were met by a barrage of base hits which often caused opposing mentors to decide that the cooling sensation of a shower would not do their fingers any harm.

As we write, the ball tossers have won six out of the eight contests staged and have only to down Bushwick to practically clinch the title.

The nine was managed by Humer and Geller and they deserve a great deal of credit for their work.

Following are the members of the team:

Fernandez, p; Smith, p; Simpkins, p; Johnson, p; Waldron, c;

Saring, c; Halvorsen, 1b; Hymes, 2b; Santora, ss; Crawford, 3b; Smith, 1f; Podaris, 1f; Styles, cf; Ayvazian, rf; Maucelli, rf.

The scores:

De Witt Clinton 1	Tech 0
Stuyvesant 5	Tech 3
Tech 8.....	Textile 3
Tech 17	Haaren 4
Tech 14	Erasmus 5
Tech 12	Bryant 0
Columbia Frosh 2	Tech 1
Tech 5	Manual 3
Tech 9	St. John's Prep. 3
James Madison 4	Tech 2
New Utrecht 3	Tech 2
Tech 14	Boys 0
Tech 9	Alex. Hamilton 7
Tech 11	Frank. K. Lane 3
Tech 12	Thomas Jefferson 0
Tech 2	Brooklyn Prep 2

Junior Varsity Baseball

Because of the fact that Mr. Waring, last year's coach, had no spare time this term there was no Intermediate Baseball Team organized. To take its place, Mr. Tarantino, our own McGraw, has formed a Junior Varsity baseball team, composed of second-string Varsity players. The "Jayvees" play independent of the Varsity in games with other schools but practice with the senior nine. Louis Gottfried was chosen manager of the team and he soon arranged a schedule of about twelve games, including Manual, Eras-



The Varsity

mus, Boys, Bushwick, and New Utrecht.

The first game played this season was with Manual, our friendly rival from Seventh Avenue. We lost a hard-fought game and the score of 10—5 does not do justice to the fight our boys put up. Jarcho started on the mound for us but he was too easy with the Park Slopers and they amassed a comfortable lead in the first three innings. Sirutis relieved him and pitched a fine brand of ball but the damage had been done and the game was Manual's.

Our representatives then lost to Poly Prep's second team, 9—5.

Their first victory came when they defeated Richmond Hill's second stringers, 10—2. Sirutis pitched air tight ball for the six innings in which he remained on the mound. Dowd finished the game. During the following week they evened up their standing to three wins and as many losses by downing Brooklyn Prep, 4—2, and

Thomas Jefferson, 7—2. Sirutis pitched both these encounters and surely did himself proud, allowing less than a dozen safe bingles in the two contests.

Track

The only bright spot in an otherwise dark season for the Tech track team was the splendid running of our mile relay, composed of Walsh, Roach, Lonnstrom and Knobel. Only once did the four Tech speedsters fail to score, that exception coming at the Penn Relays, held at Philadelphia. There, a late arrival prevented them from warming-up.

The chances of a track team next year, however, are very bright. Most of our runners are youngsters who have been getting experience at all these meets. This year's squad was the largest in the history of Tech, and next year's promises to be even larger.

In the Manual meet, our relay came in second, following only the

Manualites to the tape. Johnny Knobel turned in a fine performance for us at the anchor position, going from third place to a close second.

There were no relays run at the DeWitt Clinton meet, so Tech was unable to score. However, that same night our relay ran in the Newark championship meet and again finished second to Manual. In the Princeton meet, which came next, our graduation relay finished third. This quartet was composed of Roach, Mitchell, Lonnstrom and Knobel.

In the first dual meet, with Thomas Jefferson, we won 65—61.

Johnny Knobel was high scorer, making 15 points, while Lonnstrom was next with 13.

Alexander Hamilton was our next victim on the cinderpath. Knobel and Lindquist starred in this meet which we ran away with, 59—40.

In the city champs held at the P. S. A. L. Field on May 22, Tech garnered five tallies. The relay quartet placed third and Johnny Knobel lost the broad jump crown by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, his leap of 20 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches being that much short of the mark made by Furth of New Utrecht.



The Track Squad

Tennis

Tech's tennis outfit like most of our teams is coming out near the top. Jitz Wagner has been winning most of his matches and Hoops Jones, a new comer, is right after him, having lost but one game in the last few meets. Logan downs his opponents regularly in just two sets—all that are necessary. Lapinsky has been up against some good

players and has not done so well as the others. Jagde and Schwartz have been playing the doubles together and have given a good account of themselves.

In the P. S. A. L. they have lost four matches out of nine. They beat Boys by the score of 3—2 and Madison 4—1. Hamilton was swamped 5—0, but Curtis handed



The Racket Wielders

us a surprise by downing us 4—1. Eastern District fell by the same score and Erasmus repeated Curtis' feat, making two losses for us. Our team then lost to Manual's racketeers 3—2. We again lost a league match to New Utrecht, the score being 4—1. A few days later Captain Jadge's men downed the Green and White in a return match. The score was the same, 4—1 with the difference that the charges of Messrs. Brook and McColl were on the winning side.

Rifle

Tech's sharpshooters have been very successful in their matches. As this goes to print three victories without any defeats have been chalked up to the credit of our nimrods.

The first win came when New Utrecht forfeited on March 26.

April 1 found our gunners outshooting the opposition of Richmond Hill with a score of 909-735. Johnston was high scorer for the Blue and White with 175.

Mr. Murphy's charges took the Boys High riflemen into camp on April 22, the tally being 874-763. Meade and Walsh were high scorers.

Practices were held twice weekly, Tuesdays and Thursdays at any one of the following ranges: 13th Regt. Armory, 2nd Naval Battalion Armory and P. S. A. L. field. Mr. Murphy of the English department coached the marksmen. Captain Walsh and Manager Johnston were the high scorers in the meets. Other members of the team are: Meade, Gersoni, O'Pray, Keeler, Siedentopf and Wylie.

Spring Basketball

In order to get better acquainted with his material and to get a good start for next fall, Mr. Grummond, our basketball coach, conducted an inter-year tournament among the boys who came out for spring training. The games were held every Wednesday at the 2nd Naval Battalion Armory in Bay Ridge. The Odds



Rifle Team

and Ends team consisting of last season's Junior Varsity players won the tournament, winning three games and losing none. Four teams were entered: Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and the Odds and Ends team. The Freshman team won one game, the Juniors and Sophs won two each, while the "Jayvees" had an easy time winning three games. Aside from the inter-year contests the boys have been drilled in fundamentals such as passing and shooting from the foul-line. They have received, as well, a thorough grounding in the rules of basketball. Coach Grummond is to be thanked for giving his extra time to coaching the team so that it will be feared when the fall rolls around.

Spring Football

Following the example set by many other schools, the 1926 football squad is having spring practice under the watchful eyes of Coach Larsen. The boys who will

don the moleskins next September are getting ready for the long grind by going through their paces at the P. S. A. L. field Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The spring training consists mostly of fundamental work, such as falling on the ball, passing, punting, dropkicking, and a thorough study of the rulebook.

As many of last year's gridders have graduated or left school, there will be many positions left vacant. The only boys who will remain from 1925 who played more than one game are Meissner, Bjong and Hagerty, in the backfield, and Warnock and Ed Sroka, wingmen. With a number of candidates from last year's Intermediate aggregation, and a group of husky newcomers, these "vets" will have to fight to hold their jobs.

Coach Larsen, although busy with an outdoor track squad of over 150, is doing noble work in coaching two branches of sport in one day. However, he is being assisted by Mr. Grummond who, after a long hard season with the basketball teams, has given up the rest of his spare time to the spring training of both the court and gridiron teams.

Handball

This term saw a new athletic activity ushered into Tech's program; interclass handball. Mr. Grummond, who coached basketball decided to conduct a tournament so as to discover material for Tech's future handball outfits. Games were held on Wednesdays and Fridays at the Second Naval Battalion Armory. Finally, after three months of playing, the semi-finals were reached and the doubles championship was decided. Mearns and Lopresti defeating Poojamora and Paolillo, 21-2, 21-0. Next, the singles championship was decided—Mearns of 4A1 won the coveted honor after a stiff match with Lopresti. Mearns is sure to be a star when Tech enters scholastic handball. Thanks are due to Mr. Grummond and Manager Furno for devoting their spare time to conducting the tournament.

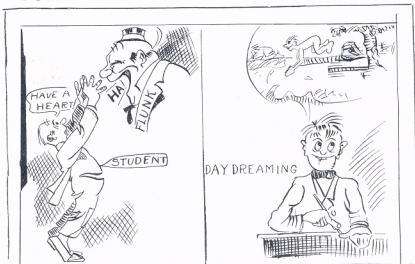
Bowling

This highly successful term in athletics has seen the development of a new sport in Tech, that of bowling. Four organized teams appeared, the Faculty, The Survey, the Bank Staff and the Longfellows, of which our teachers are the undoubted champs, with the journalists holding a slight edge over the six-footers for second place. All matches were rolled at the Central Y. M. C. A. Alleys.

In the first fracas, ye pedagogues downed ye big boys, 2201 to 1929 a decided advantage of 272 pins. Two weeks later the writers conquered the unfortunate Longfellows, 1959-1859, 100 pins deciding. After this match, by all the laws of natural events, the Survey lumber-rockers should have given the teachers a good battle but the dope was wrong and the type jugglers were overwhelmed 2293 to 1801. They came right back, however, and downed the Bank Staff 1930 to 1817.

SUMMER FEVER

—By Silver



Sport Shorts

According to the form usually employed in Senior Issues the purpose of a column like this is to review the accomplishments of the various athletes and teams during the season just past. Therefore we start by harking back to the cold wintry days of basketball.

* * *

Coach Grummond began the season confronted with all sorts of difficulties. His squad was composed mostly of new material and boys in the lower grades. Some of the most promising candidates were taking courses which required ninth and tenth periods and therefore they could practice only once or twice a week. But despite these handicaps Mr. Grummond built up a team which handed the world a surprise by trimming Boys High, 13 to 12, and he also laid the foundation for a better team next year.

* * *

The first team was composed of Roth, Singer and Bernstein, forwards; Pope and Sartori, centers; and Voronkov and Podaris, guards.

* * *

Mr. Grummond introduced an innovation in the form of spring basketball practice and Mr. Larsen, not to be outdone by his colleague, took unto himself the responsibility of running spring football.

The faculty basketball team composed of the Messrs. Walsh, Tarantino, Milde, Grummond and Larsen went through their three game schedule with a record of one victory and two defeats. They became so confident, after beating the varsity, that they proved easy picking for the Madison faculty and the Poly Tech Junior varsity quintets.

* * *

Why is it that Mr. Milde never gives illustrations on the gym apparatus?

* * *

Coach Larsen, of track, followed along in the trail blazed by Mr. Grummond and also gave much of his attention to lower grade runners who, although they were unable to score points this season, will probably develop into winners in the coming seasons.

* * *

Ed Walsh is probably the most improved runner on the squad this year. Early in the season he broke his novice and since then he has been running with the mile relay team.

* * *

What a combination that relay team made, always up in front, and running with the best of them: long-legged, strong lunged Walsh; short, hard fighting Roach; stocky, barrel-chested "Whitey" Lonnstrom, and that greyhound, Johnny Knobel.

The track team indulged in several outdoor meets this spring including dual meets with Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton.

And while we are still talking of track let us not forget the one and only inimitable track manager, H. R. H. Hon. William Pelgorsch.

There was some talk of forming a lacrosse team in Tech this spring but the movement seems to have run into a snag somewhere.

Tech's second inter-class tournament got under way this spring in the form of a handball tournament. Plans were made for this but they did not materialize until Mr. Grummond took the reins and said he would run it.

This year's tennis outfit received its instructions and orders from the Messrs. Brook and MacColl. George Jagde, a veteran, was made captain, and Phil Hagerty, manager.

The team started practicing early in the season. While the snow was still on the ground they were playing tennis in the 2nd Naval Battalion Armory.

Stan Wagner, also a veteran, is playing first singles. Stanley is one of the best schoolboy tennis players in the borough and ranks as one of the team's most constant winners.

Coach Brook is not so bad a racket wielder himself. With a little more practice he should develop into a real high class player.

Following in the steps of Ero Djeri the former Tech water wizard, Big Bill Burns took unto himself the coaching duties of the Freshman team. Bill's babies cut quite a furrow among the frosh swimmers and are doing quite well at present.

The noise made by the Longfellow's bowling team challenging all and any to a match has been partly squelched by two successive defeats at the hands of the Faculty and the Survey teams.

It was rumored that Tech would have a field day and for a change this rumor proved to be something more than a rumor.

And now, at last we discuss that famous spring disease, baseball.

Seemingly handicapped by a new coach and a lack of material the papers all predicted a pretty gloomy season for Tech, but the Erasmus game made them look all wet.

Although the boys are not overconfident they all admit they would like to see Chicago.

The student support has taken a decided brace and Tech is beginning to show some real spirit.

The great success Tech has attained this season has been largely due to the skill and patience of Coach Tarantino who has worked very hard to put together a winning combination.

Jack Fernandez, who was such a sensation in left field last year, was early called upon to shoulder the pitching burden and he has done nobly so far. Lefty has a world of confidence and control and should go a long way as a pitcher.

* * *

While speaking of left handers, don't forget Hal Halvorsen, the "Slugging Swede." Hal has enjoyed a most successful season at busting fences.

* * *

Next in line comes Sandy Santora who shapes up as a certain all-scholastic selection. He is the picture of grace and skill in the field and he also bats extremely well.

* * *

Bill Crawford, a newcomer to varsity baseball, seems to have made good at third base. Although he is not a heavy hitter he is an excellent fielder.

* * *

Will Hymes has been scintillating around second base all season pulling fancy catches and hitting the ball at a regular clip. Besides this, Will has acted as a lucky charm, the team having won every game in which he acted as captain.

Kiki Ayvazian, the new right fielder, is also a real find. Although he is far from being a poor fielder, it is at the bat that he really shines. In spite of the fact that he has been somewhat hindered by a sore heel, he is also exceptionally fast on the bases.

* * *

Behind the bat the two Dutchmen Waldron and Saring have been alternating. Waldron seems to have a slight edge over Saring but both are getting plenty of work.

* * *

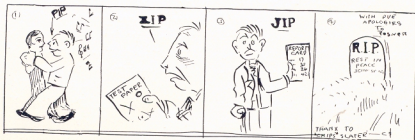
Moose Maucelli has been working in the outfield when Fernandez is pitching. Moose has been hitting the ball at a regular clip of late which habit has given him the call over Podaris.

* * *

Charley Smith and Dixie Simkins, the two lanky right-handed rookies, have both turned in some nice pitching.

* * *

What did you think of the black bands on the arms of our Varsity boys at the ball game at Indian Point? Sort of a dark subject. The question is: How did the boys know how the Faculty were going to feel after the game?



Exchanges

Packer Current Items, Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.: We appreciated your stories greatly and were glad to see that there is at least one publication which devotes sufficient space to stories. The few cartoons that you have are good, but you don't have enough of them. How about putting some humor in your magazine?

The Sanfran, St. Francis High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Your class notes are very good. We found too much humor which spoiled the unity of your otherwise well placed departments. Your cartoon "Prep Pot Shots" was excellent. We didn't think your "Biography of Leaping Lena" so hot. How about it? For a young publication it is very good. Keep up the good work.

The Prospect, Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.: We picked up our old friend The Prospect fully expecting it to be a good "all round" interesting number. We were not disappointed. Both the stories contained in this issue were very interesting and well written. We still maintain that ours was the first school to print anything on the style of "The Zero." What do you say?

The Comet, New Utrecht High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Each succeeding issue of The Comet seems to be better than the previous one. Your Column "Chemps mit Chumps" was excellently written.

It was the best imitation of Milt Gross' writing that we have seen. In your last issue you razzed us for not giving sufficient space to the G. O., but in the same issue you had no G. O. writeup whatsoever. Not very consistent, eh wot?

Curtis Monthly, Curtis High School, Staten Island, N. Y.: Your last issue was very well balanced, the only fault we could find being that it contained too many school notes and not enough humor. Your column "The Post Office" was very fine. Keep up the good work!

We acknowledge Exchanges from the following school publications:

Maroon and White,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Boys High Weekly

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DutchmanBrooklyn, N. Y.

Madison Highway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manual Weekly.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

Utrecht Nuhs.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

Liberty Bell.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clinton News.....New York City

Commerce Courier, New York City

The Owl.....New York City

TextilianNew York City

Monroe Doctrine.....New York City

LincolniteKansas City, Mo.

"E" Weekly.....Englewood, Chicago

Batavia Weekly.....Batavia, N. Y.

The ChatFar Rockaway, N. Y.

Pasadena Chronicle,

Pasadena, California.

Red Owl.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Spotlight.....Fort Wayne, Ind.

Alumni

Our Alumni have been very active this year, both in the field of sport and in social affairs. The Association held its first meeting of the year at Tech on February 1. They were entertained by Miss Cooley, Miss Freeberg and Mr. Colston who expressed their wishes for a successful season.

* * *

Columbia, Brooklyn Poly, Cornell, Pratt, Stevens, N. Y. U. and C. C. N. Y. are the colleges where most of our Alumni are studying.

* * *

Ed Lautenbacher, '24, Tech's most famous pitcher, has done noble work on Columbia's nine this season by his splendid twirling, winning many games for his Alma Mater. Columbia seems to draw Tech pitchers as it was also the choice of Hanlon, '25 and will be of Johnson, '26. Hanlon, however, has recently transferred to Fordham.

* * *

Bill Lightbowne, '25, who will be remembered as a former editor of The Survey, had the unique for-

tune to make the Freshman crew at Columbia together with an important position on the college newspaper staff.

* * *

Johnny Sacco, '24, whose record at Tech as G. O. President and track celebrity will be long remembered, had the distinction of being the only Columbia man to place in the Metropolitan Senior Championships.

* * *

Frank Trentacosti, '25, did great work at third base on Columbia's nine this season.

* * *

Altogether it has been a promising season for our Alumni as a whole and we hope that this term's graduates will also establish such enviable records for themselves in their respective pursuits.

Officers of the Alumni Association are: President—Albert Schwartz, '24; vice-president—Charles Wikstrom, '23; secretary—William Lichtenberger, '23; treasurer—Earl Dunham, '23.

Hi-TimesPuyallup, Wash.
CrimsonOakland, Calif.
The ArgusWaterbury, Conn.
The EchoUrbana, Ill.
The Tradesman.....Boston, Mass.
The Sanfran.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Iris Leaflet.....Philadelphia, Pa.
The CaluzChicago, Ill.
Dunbar News....Washington, D. C.
The CavalierAkron, Ohio
Weekly Scarab.....Cleveland, Ohio
The Optimist.....Newark, N. J.

Boston University News,
 Boston, Massachusetts
Packer Current Items,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
Polytechnic Reporter,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tech NewsBuffalo, N. Y.
The CalumetChicago, Ill.
York High Weekly.....York, Pa.
Springfield Reporter,
 Springfield, Mass.
South High Weekly, Denver, Colo.
Techtonian Junior, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chips and Filings

"Stan Wagner has recovered from his injuries received while rolling down a hill."

—*Sport Shorts.*

S S S

Such a playful fellow! But don't let it get to be a habit, Stan. At any event pick out a soft hill next time.

S S S

It is possible that *Sport Shorts* meant: "Stan Wagner has recovered from his injuries received, while rolling down a hill."

S S S

A new pathology! "Merrily we roll along to health" might be his slogan. If it works on spring fever we will go rolling with you some day, Stan.

S S S

Not long ago the Bank had the following notice posted: "No banking today as we cannot open the safe."

S S S

What further proof do you want that the B. T. H. S. Bank is safe? Even the bank staff can't get at the money.

S S S

But then, if one is badly bent (financially), it is aggravating to have some one tell you that the treasurer forgot the combination.

S S S

After years of investigation and observation Mr. Murphy has at last expounded his theory of motion. It is briefly this: The motion of the fist through a vertical plane from the side to the mouth is almost al-

most accompanied by a dropping of the lower jaw, if some edible is in the raised fist.

S S S

Allow us to add one of our own theories of motion. The motion of a fist to the jaw (of one not owning the fist) is almost always accompanied by a dropping of the individual owning the jaw.

S S S

It is not necessary to use a fist in the latter experiment. A sledge hammer, rolling pin (very common), rock, anvil, or even a rubber boot has been known to work with fair results. But then a fist is so handy.

S S S

News item:

After four years of work the two engines of the Auto Club are still nearing completion.

S S S

"And what is your home field?" she gushed at one of the baseball games.

"Oh," replied the Tech student, "it's Sumdam Oval."

S S S

Hack Gulbrandsen represented Tech in the Regional Finals of the New York Times Oratorical Contest. To compete in the finals Hack had to survive the Assembly Contest, the District Contest, and the Inter-borough Contest. He was defeated in the finals, sad to say, by a girl. According to the Arabian ratio, women received nine parts of chin ability to man's one—the odds overwhelmed him.

(Continued on page 50)

The Crucible

Regents Returns

'Twas the day before Regents and
every Tech stude
For once found himself in a studi-
ous mood.
His Math book before him, his
Chem by his side,
His countenance troubled, and
somewhat wild-eyed,
While Ma poured the coffee, and
Pa, with a broom
Was chasing the little ones out of
the room.
But all of a sudden the door opened
wide
To a horde of queer creatures, a
limitless tide—
Some twisted and shrunken, some
bloated and fat;
Some came turning handsprings,
some ran, and some sat;
Some looked almost human, but
most were weird sprites.
The sort that one sees when he
sleeps ill o' nights.
And the Tech student's hair stood
on end with his fear
And a chill premonition that
trouble was near,
For he thought of the Regents,
and knew in a trice
That these were his thoughts and
they didn't look nice.
All the words he'd misspelled and
the answers he'd bluffed,
The problems he'd botched and ex-

amples he'd muffed,
The tasks he'd neglected in keeping
a date
Were dancing and chanting a shrill
hymn of hate.
His poor brain was reeling, his face
growing yellow
And the stude cursed himself for
a poor worthless fellow.
The droll little sprites buzzed
around him like bees—
Or rather mosquitoes—the Tech
student's knees
Were quaking with fear, but he
said, "If you please,
"I've never before seen so many of
you.
Now I know what you look like,
see here's what I'll do:
I'll sit down and cram till I've set
you to rights
"For I know you're unhealthy,
that's why you're such frights,
"All crooked and twisted and
warped out of shape—
"But just give me a chance, and
don't stand there and gape."
I'm happy to say he was true to his
word,
And his thoughts were quite nor-
mal the last that I heard.
But he never got over his terrible
fright
And I've heard he's reformed since
that mem'able night. —Hal.

Driftwood

At night when I sit in my den
And try to do some work;
You'd be surprised to hear of all
The things that make me shirk.

I sit me down to do my French;
I open up the book
That I must read, but first, at all
The pictures I must look.

I turn and see the Eiffel Tower,
The bridges of Versailles,
The Market-place of Havre town,
Where peasants come to buy.

But soon I tire of looking thus,
And gaze upon the floor.
I see my new hydrometer;
My temper then doth soar.

What careless person has been here
To knock it off the shelf?
But I cool off when I'm informed
I left it there myself.

Now I must look upon the lid
To see what I can see,
And then I get the bright idea
To test my battery.

Right then the 'phone bell rings
aloud;
I rush to see who 'tis:
"C'mon, we're all goin' to the 'Met';
They say the show's a whiz."

But then Dad says, "You didn't do
Your lessons, I've a hunch."
"Oh, that's all right, Dad, never
mind,
I'll do them during lunch."

—Bob.

The Drill

Fire! Fire! Roars the mob—
Down the stairs their hearts do
throb—
Passing all the radiators,
Fighting like the gladiators,
To taste the scent of sweetened air,
Nary a whisper, turn of hair,
On they go without a stop,
(Teacher's prodding from on top).

Students, climbing up six floors—
Sagging lips and fallen jaws—
They gasp and fret with lagging
gait,
Till to their class come just too
late,

But fall into their seats for sleep,
And no one hears from them a peep,
Until they hear the bell at three,
They're refreshed, and once more
free.

—Argy.

Death and Life

The term is ending
Our doom is descending
The tests are soon,
We're almost dead.

Through clouds like ashes;
A bright thought flashes,
If we should work,
We'd forge ahead.

And when we study,
All that was muddy
Becomes more clear,
A light at last.

And now 'tis over,
Again we're sober,
When we return
To learn we passed.

—Bob.

CLUBS



Allied Arts Club

The club has consistently contributed posters for school activities including dances and athletic events. A squad of four has been engaged lettering the G. O. honor certificates in Old English. Two Art Galleries were visited where exhibits on illustration and posters were inspected. Mrs. Calvert gave talks on color, lettering, and posters.

Apparatus Club

Although formed primarily to demonstrate apparatus work and pyramid building in "The Tech Follies", the club, which has developed a remarkable degree of proficiency in this field of endeavor,

will continue its work in the future and will compete with similar clubs of other schools. The club has a valuable coach in Mr. Larsen, who was champion of the Savage Normal School Apparatus Club for two years.

Automotive Club

Owing to the large number of applicants for automotive study the Automotive Club membership was increased to thirty. A one cylinder marine engine was overhauled and bearings were cast and fitted for it. Two motors are nearing completion. Mr. Lloyd gave lectures on marine motors, ignition, welding, and combustion engines.



Allied Arts Club



Automotive Club

Camera Club

Few weekly meetings were held but members have used the dark room consistently and have developed color plates, X-ray plates, and ordinary films. Mr. Knowles is the Faculty Adviser.

Chemical Society

A number of lectures and demonstrations were given, among them: The preparation of Ammonium Amalgam, performed by Rosenblum; The Chamber Process of Manufacturing Sulphuric Acid, by Cohn; Pyrotechnic Chemistry, by Vinchesi; Silvering of Glass, by Waide, and Electroplatic Preparation of Paint Pigments, by Felder. Mr. Ferguson, the Faculty Adviser, lectured on The Aims and Duties of the Chemist. Each term the Society plans to present a gold medal to the student who gets the highest mark in three years chemistry and a silver medal to the boy who obtains the highest mark for one year chemistry. On April 22, Dr. C. Everitt Field, director of the Radium Institute in New York showed motion pictures

illustrating the method used for extracting radium from its ore.

Chess and Checker Club

The club sent two representatives, Kirichdjian and Mandelbaum, to the meetings of the Individual Inter-scholastic Chess League, held at the Hotel Sherman-Square. Regular club meetings took place on Wednesdays and Fridays. Contests were held to determine the chess and the checker champions of Tech. Mr. Lilling is the Faculty Adviser.

Current Events Club

The club includes students from first year 'Civics as well as from the seventh and eighth term History classes. Topics of international, state, and city importance were discussed and at times debated. Members have traced important topics from week to week and have compared views offered by Democratic and Republican newspapers on the same subject. A team composed of E. Davidson and L. Weeks was entered in the Eagle Current Events Bee.



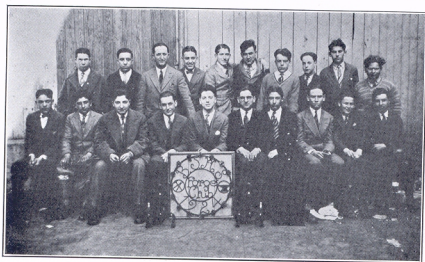
Chemical Society

Das Deutsche Dutzend

The principal features of the work of the club were: an Easter Party, a visit to a German musical comedy "Madame Pompadour," and to the Botanical Gardens, in addition to a debate in German on prohibition. Members have been busy corresponding with the Fräuleins and Knaben of Deutschland and inspecting German weeklies. Herr Radenhausen is the Faculty Adviser.

Dramatic Society

The society had an act in the Tech Follies which consisted of a musical burlesque of Julius Caesar. The actors were: Caesar (Rademacher); Brutus (Floor); Antony (Burton); Cassius (Johnson); Casca (Bocchicchio); Trebonius (Hobbs); Lepidus (Patton); Octavius (Simes); Portia (De Vries); Calpurnia (Kelly); Pindarus and Ligarius (Pedersen); Soothsayer (Rooner);



Forge Club



French Club

and Cato and Cimber (Kornblum). These boys also helped out: Babini, Gooding, Rousku, Diller, Josefowski, Cunningham, Wetjen. Miss Peabody and Miss Strong devoted club meetings to lessons on acting and staging.

Forge Club

Directed by Mr. Lucas, mem-

bers have forged such useful articles as floor lamps, flower stands, andirons, fire place sets, fire cranes, and aquariums, as well as flag stands for the auditorium, and a number of general forge tools. Visits were made to the Packard and Pierce Motor Car Companies. During Regents Week, a two day trip will be made to Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I.



Glee Club

Glee Club

The club broadcast from Radio Station WAHG and during School Week from Station WJZ. Mr. Mattuck received many letters, among them being some from former members of the club, complimenting the splendid performances. They also sang before the Sheepskin Club at the Hotel St. George on Jan. 28 and took part in the "Plantation Scene" in "The Tech Follies." The boys, directed by Mr. Mattuck, worked on negro spirituals and plantation songs this term and sang selections at the assemblies.

Harmonica Club

Through the efforts of Maurice Jacobs, a Harmonica Club was formed this term. It aims to develop a well trained group of players who will be able to perform at assemblies or other school events. At the weekly meetings, the large number and variety of songs played afforded a pleasant pastime for the students.

Inventors Club

Lectures were given by members on topics relating to various phases of electricity, mechanics, and chemistry. They considered a duplicating device for reproducing signatures and Dr. Apisdorf lectured on Anton Flettner's Air Rotor Ship and the application of the principle involved in its operation. "The Prolongation of Life" was discussed by Baltuch and "The Manufacture and Use of Liquid Air" was commented upon by Ginsberg.

Le Cercle Français

Each year the French Club, directed by Mr. Lilling, holds two parties, one before Christmas and one before Easter. This term the party was attended by fifteen French students who made merry with music, French songs, and good cheer. The club attended a performance of Walter Hampden's "Cyrano de Bergerac" and pronounced it superb. Mr. Knowles gave a lecture on "Modern French Art," which was greatly appreciated. Bi-weekly meetings were held.



Orchestra



Radio Club

Longfellows Club

Handicapped by the lack of a faculty adviser the Longfellows had to abandon their customary activities this term. However, the club held bowling matches with the faculty and The Survey.

Model Club

The shipbuilding program has been carried forward this term with great success. One five foot hull, a thirty-six inch hull, three two foot sail boats, a submarine chaser, and a destroyer have been completed. A model of a pirate ship is being constructed for the English Office. Mr. Reger exhibited his scrapbook and explained the interesting things which it contained.

Orchestra

The orchestra provided music this team at "The Tech Follies" as well as before the assemblies, and of course it will play at Commencement. The efficient direction of Mr. Mat-tuck was responsible for the splendid

programs. A jazz band, an offspring of the Orchestra, also took part in the Follies. In the course of the term the "Lustspiel Overture" was added to the repertoire.

Press Club

The club was organized this term to act as a "publicity agent" for Tech, in the city newspapers. Members have written newspaper articles on the Bank, The Survey, the Oratorical Contest, the Poster Contest, and the Tech Follies, in addition to all athletic activities. Miss Boole, the faculty adviser, gives helpful suggestions and polishes the English of the journalists.

Public Speaking and Debating Society

At the weekly meetings members endeavor to improve their oral English and general knowledge by giving talks on travel. Lectures were given concerning travel in Italy, Egypt, Palestine, England, Germany, and Russia. Mr. Brokhahne is the faculty adviser.

Radio Club

A new fifty watt transmitter has been installed and numerous messages were handled for the students and faculty. A picture of this transmitter was in the "Radio News" and the "Popular Science Monthly." Talks were given at the weekly meetings concerning various phases of radio. The club received an omnigraph and miscellaneous radio parts from a kind donor. Mr. Pabst is the faculty adviser.

Radio Construction Club

A feature of the term's work was a lecture and demonstration given by a Radio Engineer, Mr. Bullock, of the Pathe Phonograph Co., on "The Alternating Current Tube and the A, B, and C Battery Eliminator." Over 150 students attended this event. Lectures given by Mr. McCordell and members have assisted the radio set builders materially.

Scribes

Two members, Boggild and Cunningham, represented the Scribes at

the meetings of the Interscholastic Short Story League, held for the purpose of promoting short story writing. Aided by Miss Herstein, members have written and discussed short stories and have commented upon well-known motion pictures and plays.

Solderology Club

Assisted by Mr. Danz, club members have completed copper bud vases, several floor ash trays, and a number of floor lamps. A hectograph for producing duplicate prints of maps was made by Pearsall. Besides completing the installation of The Survey contribution boxes, a large copper pan was made, and several loud speakers were completed and sold.

Stamp Club

Each term the club holds two or three auctions besides a number of lectures. The geography connected with stamps and the historical relation between stamps and events were discussed. New issues were



Solderology Club



Technical Society

commented upon, a number of stamp exhibits were made, and stamps were exchanged at the weekly meetings. Mr. Kohn is the faculty adviser.

Technical Society

Granted that travel is an essential part of one's education, members of the Technical Society should be bursting with knowledge. The club has visited: the Leviathan; Sperry Gyroscope Co.; Radio Stations WMCA, WAHG; Squibb & Sons; 13th C. A., N. Y. N. G. drills, exhibition, lecture and demonstrations; Natural History Museum; National Lead Co.; Breyer's Ice Cream Co.; Borough Photo-Engraving Co.; Cantilever Shoe Co.; Sandy Hook;

Butterick (publishers); U.S.S. T3, VI, Richmond; and U. S. Navy Yard, B'klyn; beside many others; as well as attending the moving picture "Flag Makers." The untiring efforts of Mr. O'Brien are responsible for this term's splendid program. An attendance of twenty was maintained at each visit.

Ukulele Club

The club was organized his term to further the musical ability of its members, to have a good time socially, and to try, if possible, to give performances at some of the assemblies. Members have practiced up to date songs and have received individual instruction.



Those Who Serve Tech

Bank

Next term there will be opportunities for ambitious students to start banking careers, for about eight of the Bank Staff are leaving. There has been a great increase over last term's deposits, due, probably, to the campaign of the Bank. Quite evidently there are no sluggards on the staff. This condition may be explained by the fact that Mr. Harris is faculty adviser.

Blue Printing Squad

The Blue Printing Squad though not a regularly organized group, has done a great deal of work this term. They used in all twelve hundred square yards of blue-print paper, making blue prints for the shops, drawing classes, and other

schools. They are under the direction of Mr. Jacobsen.

Book Room

As usual the Book Room squad has worked hard during the term and deserves credit for its services. There are about thirty-five members and Mr. Olin is faculty adviser.

G. A. Office Squad

The Group Advisers Office Squad under the direction of Miss McNamara does practically the same work in the Group Advisers Office as the Office squad does in the Principal's office. They have, however, the added pleasure of writing out cut slips.

Library Squad

The Library Squad is limited to five members. Each has a particular kind of work to do and is rarely



Office Squad



Sales Bureau

called upon for service outside his original assignment. As there is rotation in position from term to term, the pupil holding over for several terms may enjoy a variety of work.

Lunch Room

A position on the Lunch Room Squad is thought by many to be the best job procurable. The Lunch Room should be patronized because, besides helping the school, it helps the students; as good food, fair prices and cleanliness prevail. This great institution is in charge of versatile Mr. Harris.

The Office Squad

The Office Squad has maintained its usual record of good service during the past term. Both the regular and apprentice squads have done effective work. Hundreds of program cards and various other matter were filed by the members. Checking up roll books, office reports, and other incoming and out-going reports, operating the mimeograph and adding machines, running er-

rands, answering the telephone, handling the mail, etc., have kept this squad very busy.

Print Shop

The Tech Print Shop has just completed another busy term. "Ye Shoppe" did almost all the Tech printing jobs from the daily absence sheets to the cut slips and Follies Program. The shop is under the supervision of Mr. Schaumloeffel.

Sales Bureau

The Sales Bureau has had the most successful year in its history as a result of the work of Miss Cooley and the members of the staff. This success, of course, means more money for the G. O. Treasury.

On April 16 twelve of the fellows saw "Laugh That Off" at Wallach's Theatre.

The Science Squad

The Science Squad, directed by Mr. Ross, prepares experiments for the teachers and keeps the Chem labs in good condition. Most of the boys in the squad take the



Science Squad

Chemistry Course and their work in it affords an opportunity for broadening their knowledge of Chemistry.

Statistics Squad

The statistics squad this term has devoted its attention entirely to alumni records and has compiled exhaustive statistics of the performances of the last three graduating

classes. Mr. Koch, its faculty adviser will reorganize it next term and then it will resume regular work.

The Survey

Both divisions of The Survey staff have been particularly active this term. Several members attended the Columbia Scholastic Press As-



The Survey—Business Staff



The Survey—Literary Staff

sociation Convention held at the Morningside Heights School on March 11 and 12. At the various lectures given there, the pen-pushers and cash-counters imbibed freely of advice given by those experienced in the newspaper and magazine worlds. A bowling team was also organized and scored favorably in several contests.

Aboard the "Albany" on the trip to Indian Point, the staff published an outing number on each voyage. When Tech is represented on the Evening World's School Page on Tuesday, The Survey will have charge of the publications.

S. O. S.

This term Mr. McHugh has supplanted Mr. Walsh as faculty adviser of the Service Squad.

A new demerit system has been inaugurated, whereby a member is ineligible for honors if he has received fifteen demerits during the past term.

The main purpose of this organization is to help insure the comfort

and safety of students during school hours by regulating traffic in corridors and on stairways.

Supply Room

One of the important school departments is the Supply Room, presided over by Mr. Radenhausen. Paper, ink, and other necessary supplies are sent from this little basement room as they are needed. The work is not easy and the squad deserves applause.

Chips and Filings

(Continued from page 36)

After considerable stepping, Bowdish and Sonken were entered in the finals of the National Charleston Contest at the New York Hippodrome, but they too were defeated by the ladies. *Toujours les femmes!*

S S S

The famous Artie Burke was a more successful Tech representative, taking the first prize of ten dollars in the New York World Current Events Contest.



'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FINALS

A Junior's Dream

Suddenly from out of the dark a gear and a pinion appeared, fighting furiously! The gear was flourishing a comma splice, while the pinion was fighting with an angle bisector. In a few minutes the gear had lost thirty-two teeth and it seemed as though the pinion would be the victor. Just then, King Arthur, Launcelot and Sir Kay hove into view. Each bestrode an oblique triangle and wielded a sine ($A+B$). But this didn't scare the pinion. He merely determined the angle of elevation and grabbed a can of Silas Lapham's mineral paint. Into the can he stuck a fuse and then attached the fuse to an electric circuit. The pinion measured the distance of the knights in ohms and amperes, connected the wire with a shunted fourth quadrant and pushed the button. There was a loud explosion and in two minutes it was raining tin cans and hot dogs. And still the pinion was not the victor! Hearing a strong rumbling in the distance, the pinion looked up and saw a giant sound wave. As the wave approached inversely as the square of the distance the pinion dodged behind the log sine of $78^{\circ} 27' 20''$. From under cover the pinion had only to send out a second overtone, and the wave was killed.

This could not, however, last for a very long time. Five kilowatt-hours and two volts later the pinion was captured by a squad of five rays of light. The rays brought him inversely before the almighty judge—the angle of incidence. The angle of incidence sentenced him to be shot at daybreak by a firing squad of seven tangents.

The next morning at sunrise the pinion was brought before the firing squad. Just as they were about to shoot, a scream for help was heard nearby. Turning about, the pinion saw the judge's brother, the angle of reflection, sinking in the river. The pinion was no fool; he knew where he got off. He headed for the river, jumped in, and saved the angle. This heroic deed softened the judge's heart and he changed the sentence to five ohms in the Bunsen photometer.

This sentence the pinion accepted gladly and he immediately started plans for an escape. The next morning he managed to conceal two sentence fragments. At noontime when the warden, a ray of light, entered the photometer, he was killed by a blow of the pinion. The pinion quickly donned the uniform and stepped outside. Alas! Alack! Just as he stepped out a bell rang. It must be an alarm! Yes—No—

—and the Tech Junior turned the clock off and rose to face a day of final exams.

The Questionable Reporter

Since the primary object of this column is to dispense humor—we surely do dispense with it in a brutal manner—we decided to interview the “Most Humorous Senior.” This job was too big to leave to a reporter, who would tell nothing but the truth, so an experienced mixer of details like the editor was assigned. The following questions were put to the Senior and he answered them almost intelligibly considering the fact that he is a Senior:

“To what do you attribute your humorous strain?”

“Once I fell out of a fifteen story building and landed on my elbow—ever since my funny-bone has been strained.” (He later added that he fell from the basement window.)

“Do you find a sense of humor to be useful?”

“Yes. To state one instance: Some years ago while surrounding my Canadian hunting lodge, I was confronted by a ferocious tiger. As the beast made ready to spring upon me, I related a very funny story. The animal immediately began to laugh and I put my hand into his mouth, seized his tail and turned him inside out.”

“What is your greatest ambition?”

“To be the man who fires the sunset gun at the North Pole.”

“What will you do when you graduate? Seniors do occasionally graduate.”

“After graduating I intend to spend my time developing a method by which the property of shrinking shall be taken out of bacon. This idea was suggested by one of my closest friends—a Scotchman.”

The “Humorous Senior” had lots more to say but the Business Staff

objected on the grounds that the Senior Class would be getting too much free advertising.

4,000 A. D.

Ancient History Teacher:—One of the amusements of the Ancient Americans was a game known as baseball. The game, as nearly as we have been able to determine, was as follows:

As his turn came, each man of the one team would wield a heavy stick over a spot known as the home plate. A man from the opposing team would hurl, with great velocity, a hard, round, missile at the stick wielder, who was supposed to hit it. Should he succeed in hitting this sphere (which would travel away upon being hit) the stick-wielder would run about a diamond shaped course, at each corner of which was a sort of pillow. One point would be scored for his side if the runner arrived at the home plate without being tagged by an opposing player with the missile. If the runner was in danger of being tagged he would rest at one of the above mentioned pillows, for to be tagged off this pillow meant the losing of the coveted point.

Strange as it may seem, a person was seldom hurt even though the players threw these hard missiles at each other with reckless abandon.

A judge, or umpire as he was called, was supposed to decide questions arising in connection with the game, and the spectators, should they dislike his decision, would show their dissatisfaction by throwing bottles, stones, and over-ripe fruit at him.

This game merely shows the barbarous nature of the people of that time.

The Egg in the Shell

(Continued from page 19)

either in love with her or willing to be if she'd look at them—and the faculty wasn't barred. To get one dance with her at any of the dances was almost as much an honor as winning a letter.

However, from their junior year, it was evident that Barney and The Egg were the leading candidates for Pauline's affections. She and Barney were the best looking pair in the college, and yet there were times she seemed to prefer The Egg. What she saw in The Egg was more than I could imagine. He wasn't good to look at, being one of those dark wiry, broad shouldered fellows who weigh about a hundred and sixty and carry the strength of a two hundred pounder.

Because of his good nature, all the students called him Good Egg. His real name I believe was Walter Lane, but no one in school ever called him that. He was The Egg from the time he made his freshman football team, and he remained The Egg. He was a good football man, half-back on the team and a whirlwind in an open field. He never had been out for the crew until his senior year, so great was our surprise when he came over to the gym after the holidays and announced his intention of trying for a place in the boat. Most of us guessed what had happened, and followed his sudden interest in rowing back to Pauline Ainross. She had an idea every man in college ought to try for the crew.

The notice that The Egg, having completed his football term,

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would row, created another mix-up. He and Barney were close chums, as well as rivals, and The Egg admired Barney more than he did anyone else in the world, possibly because they were so different. The fact that both of them loved the same girl had not changed their feelings toward each other—until The Egg came out for the crew. It was pretty hard for Barney to decide; if he took The Egg on the crew, some would say he did it so as not to take advantage because he was captain; and if he didn't, some might think he was stopping The Egg just because he might have a chance to win Pauline's smiles.

The Egg took to rowing as he did to everything else. He lacked weight, but his strength of back, leg, and shoulder made up for his lack of beef; and in the boat he looked good. It is the coach who makes up the crews at Sumner, but the captain has the last say and can veto the decision of a coach. Neither of the coaches wanted The Egg on the crew. When Hal Warner strained a back muscle both of them decided on Bob Turner to fill the position; Barney objected and insisted on The Egg. Some people have an idea that a crew man doesn't need brains; that all one needs is a strong back, strong legs and lots of beef; but The Egg had brains. He was a natural oarsman and a glutton for hanging on. All he needed was about forty pounds to be a good oarsman. By the time we went to our quarters on the river opposite Poughkeepsie it was quite obvious to all of us that about all we could hope for was to finish the same

day the others did. Cornell was down with a wonderful crew, California and Washington came with a bunch of those powerful Western boys, and there was Navy with one of the strongest crews ever put on the river. A fellow had to look around twice before he could figure a chance for us to beat any one of the eight shells entered in the race. We hadn't rowed any race over two miles that spring, had a light and irregularly positioned crew and had two coaches quarreling as to methods, and everyone overnerved and upset.

The day before the race The Egg looked a bit scrambled.

"What's eating you?" I demanded.

"I'm all right," he answered trying to smile. "Just had a talk with Pauline."

"I'm wishing you luck," I said.

"Not a chance," he replied trying to grin but making a mess of it. "She really likes Barney."

About an hour later, while I was sitting out on the float, thinking, Barney came along.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "This is a fine bunch of confident oarsmen. Everyone looking like a wet hen and singing those 'Hudson River Blues.' We're not beaten yet."

"A fine situation," said Barney, after watching the river ten minutes and getting angry. "Here we've got a crew that hasn't much chance to win, but we've got to win. That's all."

He got up in a hurry and went to the clubhouse without further words. He left me puzzled until The Egg came out and sat down on the edge of the float, a bath-



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robe around him and his feet in the water.

"This is some world, isn't it?" he commented.

"Nothing wrong with this world just because the crew is rotten," I said.

"I was thinking," he went on, and sat silent for a time. "How fast can our crew go?"

"We can't row this race in twenty-three minutes," I said. "We can't lift that new stroke above twenty-eight and hold steady half a mile. What chance have we?"

"None," he admitted. "Think we can hold a quarter mile spurt after the first two miles?"

"I doubt it. What are you thinking about?"

"Listen Tux," he said. "This is a case that calls for brains, not brawn. If we could make a sprint coming to the two-mile mark, and crawl up on the leaders it might work."

"What might work?" I inquired.

"It's this way," he said. "Pauline laid down a final proposition to Barney today. She thinks she's inspiring him to greater efforts. Think of that, a fellow pulling his heart and lungs loose for her, and she thinking she can make him do more. She told him if he didn't win this race it would be his finish."

"But man, we can't win it," I protested.

"I know that," he said sadly. "That's why I told you this is a case where brains are needed."

The last I saw of him before rolling into bed that night was the time he had Jimmie, our cox-

swain, aside talking to him in low tones, and as they passed by my cot a half hour later, he said, "Remember, when I give the signal."

One sees a splendid sight at Poughkeepsie on the fatal day. The cliffs to the west are spotted with people, the east side below the bridge is filled with decorated steamers and smaller craft, and the sea walls along both shores of the river are black with people. Eight crews are sitting in their narrow shells, tense and straining for the start.

The last orders were spoken in low voices. Navy and Cornell were close to the west bank, Washington's crew was in number four position, and we were between.

The gun sounded, and sixty-four blades caught the water as one, and for a wonder, our response was perfect. The bow of our shell shot out in front. Navy and Cornell were racing nose and nose, pulling four strokes to the minute above ours, while outside us California with its long, easy pull and quick recovery was moving up.

By the time a hundred yards had been rowed we were dropping back an inch at a time without quickening the stroke. There was no time for me to look around. I could feel the lift of the boat as Barney threw his strength into the stroke, and we all bent to it. The sounds of the cheering came to us dimly, but only the barking of the cox through the megaphone was clear. The grunting of the laboring men became plainer in the second mile. The first gasping weariness had

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ATHLETIC SPORTS.

passed and I was getting my second wind. We were doing better than we had hoped, but I knew we were falling back under the terrific pace of the three great crews fighting for victory.

One does not know whether he is winning or losing, save by the orders lifting or dropping the stroke. Each pull is the last, and into it goes every ounce of strength and power. We were tiring, I knew, yet fighting doggedly, when suddenly above the monotonous barking of the cox, I heard The Egg's voice.

"Now," he said, and suddenly the time of the cox's voice changed, as stroke by stroke he quickened the pace. Twenty-six, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-four to the minute he raised the stroke in the third mile of a four-mile race, and quickened us to a pace we never tried except in sprints. A wave of cheering came over the water, a shriek of whistles, and suddenly it seemed as if every man in the boat gained new life.

We were crawling up, gaining. From the corner of one eye I caught a glimpse of the boat to the west of us and another beyond, as we kept moving up. The sound of voices of other coxswains came as they too lifted their strokes. We, the outsiders, were pressing them to raise theirs in order to ward off our rush. Still we were gaining, creeping up inches at a time, forging ahead with every drive of the sweeping strokes before they could equal our speed. The nose of our shell poked out in front, I afterwards learned, as we swept toward the

three-mile mark. Every man in our crew was throwing his whole weight and strength into each stroke, and then suddenly water splashed on my back, the shell rolled, more oars splashed. We moved on, losing speed.

"Keep rowing."

It was The Egg's voice.

"Keep rowing. Don't quit."

Mechanically, unevenly, and splashing we kept the oars moving. Suddenly under my seat I saw water splash back and forth as the shell moved. It grew deeper.

"Keep rowing," yelled the cox. "She's sinking, but keep rowing."

Water was pouring into the shell as it settled slowly under our weight, until the final roll brought the water pouring over the sides. We sat swaying back and forth, trying to move the water-filled shell forward. An instant later we were all in the river, swimming or clinging to oars, until a patrol launch picked us up.

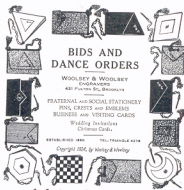
Our reception, as the launch brought us to the finish line, was almost as great as that given Navy and Washington.

The next day our pictures were in all the newspapers, and we received as much sympathy for our "hard luck" in springing a leak just when we seemed to be winning, as the victors did praise.

* * *

The Egg and I were sitting on the clubhouse steps reading about our gallant efforts to keep rowing while the shell was sinking, when Barney and Pauline came along and smiled happily toward

(Continued on page 61)



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The Egg in the Shell

(Continued from page 59)

us as we lifted our hats.

"It was greater than victory," she said after proclaiming us heroes.

"It worked," said The Egg, grinning dismally at the pair walking across the campus.

"What worked?" I asked.

"My plan. I arranged with the cox to lift the stroke at two miles, sprint until we caught the leaders, and make 'em believe we had a chance to win."

After a few moments of suspense he went on:

"Then," he said seriously, "as soon as we began to break under the pace, I kicked a hole in the bottom of the shell."

(The End)

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The Power of the Public

(Continued from page 21)

success will bring more than fame; it will make Conchita my bride."

"My sincerest congratulations to you, Senor Perada, and also to the Senorita. And now I must be on my rounds once more. Adios." Miguel watched the old man amble off into the darkness and a few moments later heard his quivering voice floating through the night air as he told off the hour, "Las doce, todo esta bien" ("Twelve o'clock and all is well").

* * *

From cock-crow, the atmosphere of Cordoba seemed charged with excitement. Usually an easy-going, sleepy city, Cordoba on that day presented a picture of activity. Men, women, and

children hustled here and there; horses were being groomed and carriages were being washed; houses were being tidied up and the general aspect was that of preparation for an important event. In truth, it was an important event. This was the dia de toros, beloved of every Spaniard. To the crowd this was to be a day of excitement, of fulfillment of its inherent love for bloody sport; but to Miguel and his sweetheart, it meant happiness and the fulfillment of a life-long ambition.

Shortly before the time for the fight to begin, a gaily decorated carriage dashed into the already crowded plaza before the arena. It came to a halt before the toreo's entrance and one of the footmen dismounted to inquire for

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Watch for the Tech Page in
The Evening World
Edited by *The Survey*

Senor Perada. In a moment Miguel was out at the carriage paying his respects to Conchita and her mother, Donna Mercedes. He stood with one foot on the carriage step talking earnestly to the girl and her mother until the piercing notes of the bugle announced that the arena was being cleared. A lingering handclasp, a kiss, and Miguel left to take his place in the paseo de cuadrillas or entry march. The ladies were shown to their box, and upon the final clearing of the ring, the presidente, Don Estranza gave the signal to start the performance by waving his handkerchief.

The band struck up an inspiring march and as the attendants opened the gates beneath the presidential box, two splendidly mounted horsemen cantered out and around the arena in opposite directions. As they met opposite their entrance they turned toward it and dashed across the ring and

through the gates. A minute or two later, they reappeared in the entrance opposite the presidencia. Following them, in measured tread, came the three matadors: Miguel and his companions, Luiz and Rafael. Behind them, came their banderilleros, the mounted picadors, and the humble ring attendants. Bringing up in the rear was the team of mules to drag out the fallen beasts. The applause was deafening.

Just as the matadors finished making their salutations to the president, another great wave of applause and cries of "Reveri! Reveri!" burst from the throng. Someone had recognized the visiting matador and the word spread like wild-fire. With difficulty, order was restored after Reveri had moved to Don Estranza's box to speak a few words of greeting. In the meantime, the toril or bull-pen had been opened and staring about dazedly for a sec-

COMPLIMENTS OF

2B2

100% Tech

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MR. M. MAYER

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Crawford	Lohr	Sherman
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ond, a great mass hurled itself at the nearest picador. The poor fellow, finding his lance useless, set spurs to his horse to evade the onslaught of the bull. Luck was against him; his mount stumbled and in a flash, twelve inches of horn were embedded in the unfortunate horse's side. As the fallen picador scrambled to safety, Luiz advanced toward the bull holding his scarlet cloak in front of his body. In the twinkling of an eyelash, the bull charged at his frail-looking opponent. The inexperienced onlooker would have expected to see Luiz torn to pieces in the furious rush, but instead, the matador, with a slight movement, stepped out of the animal's path and let his cloak brush over the bull's back. Seven times Luiz evaded these rushes and, as

a climax, deliberately turned his back on the bewildered brute and walked back to the other matadors.

After the picadors had finished their part of the performance, which, though it consisted chiefly of enraging the bull, did draw the blood the crowd was howling for, the presidente signalled for them to retire. Although not considered an old bull-fighter, Miguel was several years the senior of his companions and it was, therefore, his right to kill the bull. Before he delivered the coup de grace, however, his banderilleros were to show their art. The first of them advanced toward the now bloody victim with a banderilla or gayly decorated dart in each hand. Stopping a short distance from the bull he proceeded to provoke

(Continued on page 66)

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COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 1C2

Prefect:
MR. LEDLEY

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 2A3

Prefect:
MR. BAUMRITTER

The Power of the Public

(Continued from page 64)

a charge, and as the mass rushed by he planted the two darts directly behind its head. This act was repeated by the other banderillos and when six banderillas dangled from the bull's neck, Miguel made ready to deliver the death stroke.

Sword and muleta in hand, Perada advanced to the foot of the presidentia and raised his hat to Don Estranza and Reveri, who returned the courtesy. "Senor Presidente and most honorable Reveri, may the slaying of this bull do full justice to el arte de torear a' pié." (the art of fighting bulls on foot). And turning toward Conchita's box he said, "To you, my beloved, I dedicate this bull." Blushing prettily the maiden detached a rose from her

mantilla and tossed it to Miguel who kissed it and tucked it inside his jacket. With a wave of his hand he signalled all toreros out of the ring and advanced to meet the bull. With the muleta, a sort of red flag, in his left hand, Miguel enticed the brute to charge at the enraging color. By quickly raising the muleta and drawing it the length of his opponent, the matador caused the bull to dash around after it no less than eight times. At the eighth time Miguel's eye told him that the position for the stroke had come. Taking his stand before the bull, his body sideways in line with the doomed animal's length, he raised the gleaming blade and sighted along it. The exact spot on the neck being determined, Perada unerringly drove the sword in to

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its full length and leaped clear, victorious.

When the cheering subsided, another bull was released from the toril and was killed by Rafael. The third contest was destined to be Luiz's last, for in his maneuvers for striking position his foot slipped just as the enraged bull charged, and he was trampled to death. This sad but by no means uncommon occurrence had a temporary sobering effect on the audience, blood-thirsty as it was. Conchita nearly fainted in her box as she thought of such a possible fate for her Miguel. The closing fight of the day was for Perada and he chose to wreak vengeance on the beast that had been Luiz's undoing. So well he did it that Reveri nearly leaped from the box to announce that Miguel was to be his champion matador.

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Prefect:

MR. JOHN MANGIONE

That night there was revelry in all homes but that of Luiz. It was just another evidence of human nature: the mob cheered Luiz in his triumphs but in his death he was alone. Yet what could one expect? This was the actual lot of the toreador. At the villa of Don Estranza a great festival was being given in honor of Miguel's betrothal and departure for Seville on the morrow. From a balcony came alluring strains of music, played by a native band, to which the guests, in gay attire, gracefully danced. The flickering light stealing through the palms, the nodding mantillas and the staccatto notes of the castanets recalled the old glory of the Spanish fiesta. But in the midst of the merriment, Miguel had been growing uneasy over the slow arrival of Conchita. Visions of hold-

ups and accidents flashed through his mind and great was his relief when his bride-to-be arrived with her mother.

But what meant the distressed look and feverish cheeks of the girl? She hastily ran to Miguel's arm choking back a sob and cried, "Miguel, my love, let us go to a quiet spot. I must tell you something on which our happiness depends."

Rather taken aback by this unusual outburst, Perada led her out on the moonlit veranda and side by side they sat down on one of the benches. For a moment neither spoke but it was Conchita who finally broke the silence. "Miguel, I have loved you ever since we were children. Your joys have been my joys and your sorrows my sorrows. Never was I more thrilled than when you

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killed your first bull; not even when our opportunity to go to Seville came today. But today brought more than an opportunity; it brought the nearest thing to tragedy into my life. Well you know that Luiz's fate could have been yours; and then what would become of me?"

"Conchita!" Miguel exclaimed. "What can you mean?"

"Just this, querido mio; if you love me, you will give up this bloody arte de toros and not go to Seville tomorrow."

"Are you possessed of devils, 'Chita'? Think what your request means. Think of the fine carriages, the beautiful gowns, the palatial villa and the fame awaiting us at Seville. All our lives we have waited for this day, and on the eve of its realization, you give way to silly fear. Yet another

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thing: what will the people say about me if I give up the rapier and muleta so soon? A coward and a yellow cur they will call me! No, sweetheart, I cannot give up de toreo yet."

He felt her shaking under the strain of suppressed sobs and when she had regained her speech she freed herself from his arms, said haughtily, "I take it, then, that this is goodbye," and walked slowly back to the revelry. Miguel sat alone dazed for many minutes and it was Don Estranza who found him, head bowed, in deep dejection. The host surmised the cause and cautioned the young matador against carrying the sorrow into the ring on the morrow. Morning dawned ere the fiesta came to an end, but by that time many miles separated

Perada from the scene of the shattering of his dreams.

* * *

As he entered the chapel adjoining the great Corrida de Toros at Seville, accompanied by Reveri and his other matador, Miguel felt a pang of infinite sadness and loneliness. True, here was Seville, glory, and the big opportunity; but also there was a void in his heart.

In the flurry of forming in line for the paseo de cuadrillas, the dejection was partially dispelled. Accustomed as he was to the gay splendor of the throng in the arena at Cordoba, Perada thrilled at the mammoth kaleidoscope spread before him. Volleys of applause rocked the air as the signal for the first combat was given by the presidente, Senor Ferrante.

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The order of performance was but slightly different from that to which Miguel was accustomed and consequently he felt at home. By the time his turn came to kill a bull he felt that he was the master of himself. He went before the presidencia to dedicate the bull. As he reached the middle of his speech, he fancied he saw Conchita standing arms outstretched, in Senor Ferrante's place. He recoiled as though he had been struck and finished the speech with difficulty. Fickle humanity! No sooner did the audience notice the situation than it proceeded to hiss Perada roundly for seemingly being afraid. With a carefree shrug of his shoulders he turned toward the bull. Fear was not a quality to be found in

(Continued on page 73)

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 3A1

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The Power of the Public

(Continued from page 71)

Miguel, but as he gazed into the malevolent eyes of his adversary he heartily wished the fight were over.

Hesitation was a thing never tolerated by an audience at a bullfight, and as the discomfited matador was taking longer than usual to determine the vital spot on the bull's neck, the hissing broke out anew. Miguel tried to be patient, but just as he was about to lunge forward, the vision of his broken-hearted sweetheart appeared before him once more. He lunged, missed the exact spot, and in the wild convulsion of the bull at his fresh agony, Miguel was tossed twenty feet away to fall writhing on the sand. An attending surgeon was rushed to his

aid but as the injury was fatal he was taken to the chapel for the last rites.

The dying matador lay on a cot in the dim interior of the chapel gazing intently at the altar on which a ray of sunlight fell and before which a priest was kneeling. In his hand he clutched a wilted rose. Suddenly a shadow fell across the altar and painfully Miguel turned to see, standing in the doorway, Conchita, a picture of supreme grief. She rushed to his side and pressed his head to her breast crying, "Miguel, Miguel, why did I do it? I should have known that you could never leave the bull ring and be happy. I tried so hard to get here in time, but now— Forgive me, Miguel, forgive me!"

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Raising himself on one elbow he whispered, "It was my fault, 'Chita.' I was afraid of the public sentiment; but what does the public care? Hear the audience now, cheering while I die. Kiss me, Conchita." Thus with the ecstasy of love in his heart, Miguel passed from the land of the living.

(The End)

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 4A1

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CLASS 4A2

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Social Retrospection

(Continued from page 24)

bers of the faculty enjoyed an even-
ing of unalloyed pleasure, both in
dancing and in the various features
of the entertainment.

One must not get the idea that
the Seniors are the only ones in the
school who have entertainments and
outings, for on May 21, the whole
school took a day off and traveled
to Indian Point via the Hudson
River Day Line "The Albany."
There the Faculty played the Var-
sity, in a much disputed, comical
ball game and many studes par-
ticipated in the scheduled track
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Teacher—I said a definition not an illustration!

—M. J. S.

“Solomon wasn’t the only settler of disputes,” remarked the Frosh. “This fellow Arbitration seems to have settled a few arguments.”

The proof of the pudding is sometimes in the obituary notices.

—Judge.

A man who has sailed around the world thirty times got married recently. Evidently he never thought of doubling on his tracks to avoid capture.

—London Opinion.

While passing the boys lunchroom, my attention was attracted by a freshman, a junior and a senior engaged in heated argument. Just then a teacher stopped and inquired as to the cause of the excitement. The senior explained that all three claimed a five cent piece, found on the lunch room floor. The teacher was puzzled, but decided to toss the nickel, and give it to the winner. The senior took heads, the junior took tails, the freshman took the nickel, and Tech sold another bag of potato chips.

—G. S.

Dumb—Funny how he is so lucky at cards and then loses his winnings at the race track.

Dumber—Not very funny. They won’t let him shuffle the horses.

—Colby White Mule.

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 8E2

Beardsley, Charles
Bostoman, Edward
Brody, Morris
Cunningham, Dwight
Danner, Leon
Diller, Isaac
Dineen, John
Donato, John
Dukas, Demosthenes
Epstein, Hyman
Frost, Charles
Husing, Walter
Johnson, Cornelius
Kaplan, Morris
Litgreen, Author
Less, Max
Levine, Hillet
Linbarger, Howard

McCreedy, George
Neminoff, Max
Newton, Eric
Mioel,
Nussbaum, Bertman
Odell, John
Olsen, Howard
Osterland, Edward
Podaris, Alexander
Rademacher, Edgar
Reading, Walter
Roach, Newton
Singer, Arthur
Surgeon, Walter
Waldron, Henry
Weitsen, Lester
Wilson, Jack
Wyzlanski, Anthony
Taylor, Wm.

Dumb Dora—What makes a col-
litch fellow give his pin to a girl
when he gets engaged to her?

Dumb Engineer—The girl.

—Bucknell Bell Hop.

“The census taker is at the door,
Miss.”

“Tell him we lost our census years
ago.”

—Wisconsin Octopus.

Yes, Oswald, the only differ-
ence between Humor and Sarcasm is
that the humorist talks about some-
one who isn't present.

—U. of Wash. Columns.

“Pa, what's a post-graduate?”

“A fellow who graduates from
one of them correspondence schools,
I suppose.”

—Pitt Panther.

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Maass
Morris
Oliver
Oliver
Olsen
Owendoff
Plona

Ross
Shivell
Simpaner
Stendera
Thiele
Thorsen
Tienken
Torre
Walker
Waller
Webster
Whelpley
Wigeland
Wittenburgh

Prefect:
MRS. CALVERT

PresidentCassell
SecretaryPlona
TreasurerFairhurst

Teacher—John, how do you spell frog?

John—F—R—(Boy sticks him with pin).

John (yells)—O Gee.

—R. De B—1B1.

Billy—Bring me a ham sandwich.

Milly—With pleasure.

Billy—No, with mustard.

—M. J. S.

Husband—That man is the ugliest person I ever saw.

Wife—Not so loud, dear. You forget yourself. —Pitt Panther.

"I never knew rain drops could smoke."

"Well, it so happens that they can't."

"That's funny. Only a few minutes ago I saw them in hail.

—N. Y. Medley.

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 4C2

Prefect:
MR. J. M. FANNING

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 2B²

Prefect: MR. MAYER

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 5B1

Prefect:

MISS D. G. STRONG

100% Survey 100% G. O.

Frosh—Why so disheartened?
Soph—My girl threw me down.
Frosh—Don't worry, you can get another girl.

Soph—But I don't know which one threw me down!

—B. C.

She—It was really a toss up this morning whether I played golf or went to church.

He—Really?

She—Yes, and I had to toss up fifteen times before I got golf.

—London Mail.

First Director—I'm up a tree. Can't you lend me a tenor for to-night?

Second Director—Sorry. All I have is a five spot.

—Kentucky Satyr.



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COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 6B2

Prefect:

MR. S. ORSHAN

100% Survey 100% G. O.

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 7E3

Prefect:

MISS M. PEABODY

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 8E1

Prefect:

MISS H. COOLEY

She—Buy a seal for the benefit of the Red Cross?

He—Very worthy organization but I can't afford a seal.

She—But just one seal, please?

He—If I bought it I couldn't feed it.

—Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern.

Lady—Your father thinks a lot of your new brother, doesn't he?

Bobbie—Yeh, gets up in the middle of the night and takes the darn kid for a walk.

—West Point Pointer.

"It doesn't cost a cent to enter high school," noted the Senior, "but it sure takes a fortune to get out!"

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 2B4

Class Leader.....Harold Purvis
Class Secretary.....George Goldner
Louis Viggiano

Prefect:

MR. ALEX. KIRKWOOD

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 1B4

Prefect:

MR. M. M. SINDEBAND

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 3B1

Prefect:

MR. L. SEROTA

"If there'd been more great men
there'd be less strikes."

"Yes, and there'd be more holi-
days."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

We know a stude who forgets his
homework assignment so that he
may call at his teacher's house to
obtain it and incidentally remain to
dinner.

Brown eyes—The ground that she
stands on is precious!

Green Eyes—Yea, look at the
acreage she covers! —C. M.

Stude— —and the U. S. paid
\$20,000,000 for—

History Teacher—Come on! Let's
get on with the lesson—the 20 mil-
lion is immaterial.

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS 3A2

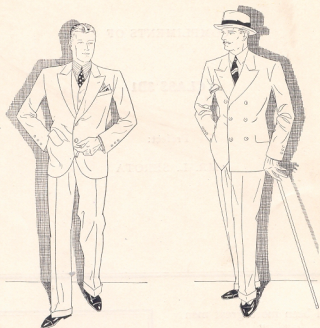
100% Survey 100% G. O.

Prefect:

MR. LUCAS

Adams	Johnson, H.
Basener	Johnson, W.
Boles	Klein
Braun	Mander
Cherici	Mitchell
Crennan	McKee
Crowley	Nicotra
Davison	Paulin
Dillman	Pelligrino
Felder	Romano
Gabalris	Steinmeyer
Getter	Schopp
Grillo	Storm
Glassman	Vare
Hansen	Warren
Houdek	Worth
Huchens	King
Irving	Miller, S.

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